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Postage all over the world, 1d.

**TORCH
TO
TRAMPLE
ON**

by the Rt. Hon.
Philip Snowden M.P.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE



HERE is a wonderful free offer to give you the key to the wonderland of radio. There are no difficulties, no complications; you simply follow the easy instructions given in the Mullard Free Book entitled "Radio for the Million," and you can bring hours of music, entertainment and interest into your home by building for yourself a perfect wireless receiver from £2 : 15 : 0 upwards.

This gift to the nation is offered by the makers of the world-famous Mullard P. M. Radio Valves with wonderful P. M. Filament, because they know that there are millions who would welcome the magic of radio if it could be secured without technical knowledge and at little cost. Fill in the coupon to-day, and secure your copy, with 4 blue prints, free. Your home will welcome the pleasures of P. M. Perfect Radio.

Mullard
THE MASTER VALVE

FILL IN THIS COUPON.

THE
MULLARD
WIRELESS
SERVICE Co. L'd.
Mullard House,
Denmark Street,
LONDON, W.C.2.

Please send me, FREE
and at once, a copy of
"Radio for the Million"
with four Blue Prints, either
direct or through my nearest
radio dealer.

(NAME) M.....

(ADDRESS)

..... J.B.

New Year Gift Coupon.

"JOHN BULL," Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Please send me the Golden Gift Set, containing the "JOHN BULL" 5/- Lever Filler Pen, and FREE 2/6 Everpointed Pencil.
I enclose Gift Voucher (which please accept as 1/- in part payment), together with Postal Order for 4/3 (which includes Postage and Insurance).
(Pocket Clip 3d. each extra.)

NAME

ADDRESS

Fine, medium or broad nib. (Cross out grades not required.)

Your name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra.....

(Write in capitals name desired.)

Cross Cheque/P.O. "A. & Co.," and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

J.B. 15/1/27.

JOHN BULL'S 1/- GIFT VOUCHER

Available
until Jan 19
ONLY
YOUR LAST
CHANCE



New Year Gift Voucher.

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "John Bull" Pen. Only one voucher taken in part payment for each Pen.

The famous "John Bull" Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14 ct. solid gold nib iridium tipped, is cut out of solid vulcanite. Safety cap; beautifully chased. Equal to pens selling at double and treble the price. All British. Two years' guarantee with each Pen.

2/6
EVERPOINTED PENCIL
Free

The Pencil is handsomely designed, heavily plated, complete with refills.

It's now or never! If you have not yet accepted "JOHN BULL'S" Great Gift Offer you have still ONE LAST CHANCE. But you must apply at once, as no applications can be accepted which reach us later than first post, Thursday, January 20.

WE REPEAT THE OFFER FOR THE LAST TIME

One shilling (1/-) in the form of the above Voucher, which will be accepted as 1/- Cash in part payment of the famous "JOHN BULL" lever filler Pen. IN ADDITION, we will present free with each Pen a 2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil, heavily plated, complete with re-fills. Don't be too late. Cut out Voucher, attach to Coupon above and post to-day.

Sickness
Benefits

50
CHEQUES OF
£5-5-0
TO JOHN BULL
READERS

- £5-5 Mrs. M. COULSON, 17, Bird Street, Preston.
£5-5 Mr. E. SIGGERY, 27, School Terr., Newtown, Reading.
£5-5 Mrs. A. HARDWICK, 55, Alfred Road, Kennington.
£5-5 Mrs. M. E. MATTHEWS, 167, Alexander Road, Sheffield.
£5-5 Mrs. T. MALLARD, 2, Beechwood Road, Duston, Northampton.
£5-5 Mr. B. EDLEY, 2, Popple Street, Firth Park, Sheffield.
£5-5 Mr. J. GRIFFITHS, 6, Lawrence Avenue, Markham Village, Mon.
£5-5 Mr. F. C. TAYLOR, 4, Cape Court, Broseley, Salop.
£5-5 Mr. F. R. WEBSTER, 62, Lawn Road, Northfleet.
£5-5 Mrs. M. FELTHAM, 15, Gaywood Street, London Road.
£5-5 Mr. R. PHILLIPS, 16, Nursery Lane, Garston, Liverpool.
£5-5 Mr. J. HOPWOOD, 61, Carnaby Terr., Low Teams, Gateshead.
£5-5 Mrs. M. CHARLTON, 65, Seventh Street, Horden, Durham.
£5-5 Mrs. MOGIE, 32, Milton Street, Jarrow.
£5-5 Mr. E. SIMMONDS, 31, Church Street, Tovi, Maidstone.
£5-5 Mr. W. S. TRICK, 25, Splott Road, Cardiff.
£5-5 Mr. W. SPENDLOVE, Horse and Jockey Inn, Cowhill, Belper.
£5-5 Mr. E. W. CLARKE, 56, Princess Street, Peterborough.
£5-5 Mr. J. W. THURLOW, Boot Street, Gt. Bealings, Suffolk.
£5-5 Mr. W. SHAFTEE, 69, Kitchener Street, Darlington.
£5-5 Mr. E. LEF, 2, Arthur Street, Waterhouses, Durham.
£5-5 Mr. H. H. EASTER, The Hills, Reedham, Norfolk.
£5-5 Mr. H. HARCUMBE, 17, Lewis Street, Penygraig.
£5-5 Mrs. A. PARTRIDGE, Station Road, Littleport, Cambs.

- £5-5 Mr. C. S. HAYCOCK, 6, Helmington Terr., Hunwick, Co. Durham.
£5-5 Mrs. R. WHITE, 29, Jarvis Street, Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent.
£5-5 Mrs. A. MARSH, 71, Oglander Road, E. Dulwich.
£5-5 Mrs. A. T. HOOD, 7, Nicholas Street, Burnham, Stoke-on-Trent.
£5-5 Miss G. LONGSTAFFE, Hope Hall, Braham, Boston Spa.
£5-5 Mr. C. R. LUMLEY, 27, Gordon Street, Colne.
£5-5 Mr. E. D. SUTHERS, 28, N. Seaton Road, Ashington.
£5-5 Mrs. J. GERRARD, 67, James Street, Compstall, Mr. Stockport.
£5-5 Mr. ALLAN JAYNES, Cabbage Tump, Bromesborough, Herefordshire.
£5-5 Mr. A. STRINGFELLOW, 9, Church Road, Clifton, Nr. Mansfield.
£5-5 each: Mr. and Mrs. WALLS, 3, Katherine Street, Willington, Durham.
£5-5 each: Mr. and Mrs. TUCK, 27, Russell Street, Waterhouses, Co. Durham.
£5-5 Mr. JAMES COXON, 41, New Fourth Street, Horden Colliery, Co. Durham.
£5-5 Mr. A. BROWN, 51, Hamilton Row, Waterhouses, Durham.
£5-5 Mrs. D. K. PRANSON, 36, Bolton Street, Kennington.
£5-5 Mr. W. H. GARNSEY, c/o Harton Lodge, Harrogate.
£5-5 Mrs. E. MONRO, 10, New Cross Street, Salford.
£5-5 Mr. E. LASHY, 10, Farmers Road, Camberwell.
£5-5 Mr. J. ROSS, 1, Hilton of Balgonie, Fife.
£5-5 Mr. A. ROBERTS, 3, Okoll Street, Leigh.
£5-5 Mr. C. A. DOWDESWELL, 217, High Street, Dunstable.
£5-5 Mrs. E. WALKER, 34, King Edward Road, Ponders End.
£5-5 Mr. A. J. NORRIS, 56, Lea Bridge Road, London, E.
£5-5 Mrs. F. BUNTING, 722, Prince of Wales Road, Darnall.

CUT HERE.
POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL.
Please register me as a regular reader.

READER'S NAME Age
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)
ADDRESS

READER'S SIGNATURE
NAME AND ADDRESS OF NEWSAGENT

DATE
Use 3d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

CUT HERE.
HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent)
ADDRESS
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
SIGNATURE
ADDRESS
DATE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Yeast is life!

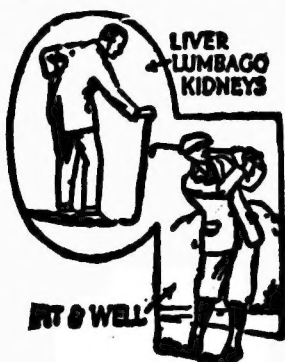
Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets.

Rich in Vitamin (B).

A Lightning Pick-me-up.

IRVING'S Yeast-Vite TABLETS will relieve

Headache, Neuralgia, etc.,
in 5 minutes.
Indigestion, Flatulence,
in 5 to 10 minutes.
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression,
in 10 to 15 minutes.
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc.,
in 10 to 20 minutes.
Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours.



HEADACHE, NEURALGIA
ETC IN 5 MINUTES.



DIZZINESS, DEPRESSION
IN 10-15 MINUTES



IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES,
"Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

The greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of Yeast-Vite when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 2/3 bottle from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty bottle and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received nearly 45,000 letters from satisfied users in less than three years which are open to inspection.

28015—E. W. H., Charterhouse: I have pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of Yeast-Vite Tablets in cases of great depression, anxiety or worry. Without a doubt, they are wonderful pick-me-ups.

28001—H. H. S., of Canton: Kindly mail me via Siberia two bottles of Irving's "Yeast-Vite" (containing 700 Tablets in each). I have found them very beneficial for my complaint—neuritis.

28310—Nurse G. C., Chiswick: I feel I must write and tell you how very much better in health I have been since I started taking your wonderful "Yeast-Vite" Tablets. I have been in a poor state of health for some considerable time, and have tried quite a number of different tonics, but have not yet found anything to equal "Yeast-Vite."

28005—E. W., Shepherd's Bush: I feel that I should write and tell you that I have derived great benefit from "Yeast-Vite," and after taking it for about two days felt different altogether. For some time past I have been feeling very run-down, could not sleep and was a bag of nerves, and could not cheer myself up. Now I feel quite fit and bright and have gained 21bs. in one week. I work in a large Government Office, and have recommended them to numerous members of the staff, and they also say that they feel very satisfactory results. Wishing you every success with your undertaking.

28010—A. P. R., East Ham: I feel I must write to express my gratitude for the beneficial treatment I have received through your "Yeast-Vite" Tablets. To be perfectly frank, I did not anticipate such a rapid change in my condition, in such a short space of time, namely, a week. I have suffered from nervousness for a considerable period, during which I have tried practically every kind of Patent Medicines with very little or no benefit.

28017—L. H. R., Birmingham: Just a line to thank you for the wonderful recovery I have made, through taking one bottle of "Yeast-Vite" Tablets. For a considerable time I have suffered from Indigestion and Flatulence with very acute pain. Several remedies have I tried, but to no avail.

28018—Nurse L. B., Bowes Park: I have been suffering from Flatulence for some time, but cannot find anything to relieve me—as well as your Tablets—they seem to put me right almost at once.

28019—Miss A. B.: This with great pleasure that I write to inform you of the benefit I have received through using your "Yeast-Vite" Tablets. I have been using them for about two months now and have had wonderful results.

28020—E. C., Maidenhead: I am writing to tell you how beneficial I have proved "Yeast-Vite" Tablets to be. I was thoroughly run-down and my nerves were a perfect wreck, but after taking a bottle of "Yeast-Vite" I felt myself again. I shall recommend them wherever I can.

Caution. Beware of imitations! See the name "Irving's Yeast-Vite" on every carton and bottle, and sealed with Government stamp. Refuse fraudulent substitutes, which are worthless!

Send postcard for free treatise on Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc.

Remarkable Success of New "Harlene Hair-Wave-Drill"

MONEY-SAVING—LABOUR-SAVING

Generous Distribution of **FREE** Hair-Beautifying Gift Outfits to all Weak-haired Men and Women!

THE perfect Home Hair Waver, which saves 17/6 in the £1 on hair waving costs, and a **SIX-FOLD FREE GIFT!** Is it any wonder that ladies in all stations of life are everywhere displaying unsurpassed enthusiasm for the new "HARLENE HOME HAIR-WAVE-DRILL"?

Deep, lasting, essentially beautiful waves and healthy, lustrous hair at less than one-quarter of the usual waving costs! No wonder letters of appreciation continue to pour in!

Think what this means to YOU and send the Coupon NOW for the HAIR-DRILL GIFT.

A WONDERFUL FREE GIFT

The Six-fold Gift comprises the following:—

1. A bottle of "HARLENE," the most celebrated of Hair Growers, Tonics and Stimulants. An effective restorative for unhealthy hair and a splendid "dressing" all in one.
2. A Packet of "CREMEX," the Queen of Shampoos, which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of scurf, etc., and brings out the hair in all its delightful lights and shades.
3. A bottle of "UZON" BRILLIANTINE, an exquisitely perfumed preparation, especially valuable for dry scalps.



Miss M.
Bunce.



Mrs. H.
Kelly.

"Waves stay in at least 10 days."

Miss M. Bunce, of Catterick, is most enthusiastic, and writes: "With the ordinary Wavers I could not get the waves at all even, neither would they stay in 24 hours, but when using your Wavers and a little 'Uzon' I get straight, deep, shiny waves, which stay in at least 10 days."

If you are troubled with

FALLING HAIR. LACK OF LIFE AND LUSTRE.
SCURF OR DRYNESS. HAIR SPLITTING AT ENDS.
THIN STRAGGLY HAIR. DULL AND FADED HAIR

your troubles will be finished when you receive the **FREE GIFT**, particulars of which are given in next column.

**MONEY-
SAVING
HARLENE
WAVER.**



Wave Your Own Hair.

A remarkable scientific invention enabling you to wave your own hair with a "professional" appearance of finish and distinction when used in conjunction with the famous "Harlene-Hair-Drill" preparations, free trial supplies of which will be sent to all applicants for Wavers. Saves £1 1/2 a year on your hair-waving expenses. No electricity. No "outfit" of curlers or wrappers. This Waver includes an attachment which gives that fascinating side-sway or "kink," rippling across each wave, which hitherto only skilled hairdressers could produce. Simple, safe, strong.

If when sending for your Six-Fold Free Gift as fully described on this page you also desire to possess one of these wonderful new Wavers, enclose an extra 2/6 with the Coupon, making 2/10 in all, and everything will be sent direct to your own door post free.

"Never had such good results."

Mrs. H. KELLY, Richmond, writes:—"I feel I must express my appreciation of your Home Hair Wavers. I have never had such good results with such lasting effect."

Miss HAWLEY, Blackpool: "Many thanks for your simply splendid 'Home Waver'."

Miss E. GACKETT, Gravesend: "I am delighted with the Waver."

4. The **ILLUSTRATED HAIR-DRILL MANUAL** which gives valuable hints regarding hair care and culture. Written by a Specialist.

5. An **Illustrated Home Instruction Chart** for practicing Harlene "Hair-Wave-Drill," which enables you to save 5 s. 2 s. a year on your Hair Waving Bill.

6. Full particulars of unique £10,000 Profit-Sharing Distribution Scheme.

Write for the above Free Gift TO-DAY, enclosing Name and Address on plain paper with attached Coupon and Fourpence in stamps to cover postage and packing.

Harlene preparations are obtainable at the following Popular Prices:—
Harlene 1/12, 2/6, and 4/6 per bottle.
Cremex Shampoo Powders 1/6 per box of 7 shampoos (single packets 3d. each).
"Uzon" Brilliantine 1/12 and 2/6 per bottle.
Aston for Grey Hair 3/- and 5/- per bottle from chemists and stores everywhere.

GIFT COUPON

Detach and post to

EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd.,
20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit
Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs.—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Six-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

JOHN BULL 15127.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your **FULL** name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is Grey, enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a free bottle of "Aston" Hair Colour Restorer will also be sent.

If you desire the **NEW "HARLENE" HOME HAIR WAYER** to be included, simply write on the sheet bearing your name and address the words, "Also send Home Waver," and enclose extra postal order for 2/6—i.e., 2/10 in all—made payable to Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., and crossed / & Co.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

A.B.C. GUIDE to Remnant and Drapery Trade. Worth pounds, valuable hints. Make money selling Prints, Towels, Tablecloths, Traveling Samples, etc. Send p.c. to-day for Catalogue and full particulars.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 46, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travelers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolston's Warehouse, 46, Thomas Street, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnant, parcels from £1. List free.—H. Clegg (Dept. B.), High Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 66, Houndsditch, E.C.1.

NOT "WHAT DOES IT COST?"

"DOES IT PAY?"
It is not what an advertisement costs but what it produces that counts. If you sell by Mail Order and your goods appeal to the "Million," describe them in these Classified columns. One advertiser who has not missed a column of John Bull for five years says: "I would be sorry to manage a Mail Order business without it." Address text with remuneration at the rate of 9/- per line (minimum 27/-) to the Small Advertisements Manager, John Bull, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

AGENTS WANTED.

BRITISH WORKMEN.—Be independent of strikes, lock-outs and unemployment. Write Freeman's, 103, Lavender Hill, London, for particulars of how to secure a separate income without expense or outlay.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly.—Run a bed-clothing club amongst friends. No outlay. Particulars free.—Grove Mills Co., 11, Birstall, Leeds.

IF YOU WANT AGENTS—the kind that build for bigger and better business—try a little ad. under this heading. Men who are ever on the look-out for big opportunities, or who seek to augment their income, read these ads., and you will find them keenly responsive to your offer. Send your ad. to-day to the Small Advertisements Dept., John Bull, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing remuneration payable to Odhams Press Ltd., at the rate of 9/- per line of approximately 6 words, 3 lines minimum.

EARN £3 TO £5 weekly.—Run Bedclothing Clubs amongst friends. NO OUTLAY. Particulars free.—Grove Mills Co., Dept. M., Birstall, Leeds.

WRITE Free Sample and Particulars. Live agency; 50 per cent. profit; no risk or outlay.—Carter & Son, Waterloo Terrace, Stapleton Rd., Bristol.

SPARE TIME Representatives wanted to appoint Agents in their own district for a reputable firm to sell all classes of wearing apparel on easy payment terms. No samples, no outlay. Good remuneration to energetic men, suitable for men with insurance experience.—Apply by letter to Dept. J.B., No. 17, Westgate Arcade, Bradford.

EMPLOYMENT.

A BETTER JOB FOR THE MAN WITH BACKBONE AND GRIT.—You can make sure of a comfortable future if you decide to become a travelling Salesman, and study by postal teaching in your spare time under Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Teacher of Salesmanship. Attwood-trained men, without previous experience "on the road," are now earning £5.00, £8.00, and £1,000 a year, in positions found for them by Wallace Attwood. After finishing every student is introduced to firms of repute for a good job as Salesman. If you want to be lifted out of the rut, send postcard for book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 267, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. (Phone: Chancery 7526.)

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleec Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 19a, 51 Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

MOTOR DRIVERS WANTED. LET US TRAIN YOU. Smart young men to qualify for well-paid positions (introductions guaranteed). Over 60 letters of thanks a week from past pupils. Call and read them. The B.M. gives the best training and secures the best positions. Special inclusive fees. Call or write for further particulars. Act now!—British School of Motoring, Ltd. (estab. 17 years), Head Office, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY.—Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com.—J. Holt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

FIVE WEEKS' Study of Creative Salesmanship. Will qualify you for the definite offer of an ACTUAL POSITION as sales representative. Specialized tuition includes PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS. Fees refunded to unsuccessful students.—SALESMANSHIP, LTD., 56, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

£150-£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10/- month. Post found when qualified, or fee retd. Booklet, tests, free. City Correspondence College (S.D.), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

EXCELLENT PROSPECTS, congenial work, good salaries are offered to Draughtsmen and Lady Tracers. A qualified draughtsman can train you by post. L.W. Sec. Write to P. P. Mann, M.I. Me. & E., 25, Victoria St., London, S.W.1. Est. 1894.

HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY. SWEETMAKING TAUGHT PROFESSIONALLY (ALL BRANCHES). IMMENSE PROFITS. Wonderful new system. No special appliances (except thermometer), kitchen utensils only. Opportunities everywhere, city or country. 2d. stamp booklet.—LIBERTY CANDY CO., Summit House, Langham Place, Regent St., London, W.1.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 27s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

AGENCY.—Good comm. Spare time opportunity to men in regular work by selling Ladies' and Gent's Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Drapery, etc. for Cash or Easy Terms. For Catalogue & Particulars apply JOHN PERRY & CO. (CITY), LTD., 3, Pancras Lane, Queen St., Chesham, Ldn., E.C.4.

25 BOYS wanted monthly for Queensland farms. Great prospects for strong boys of good character. Advanced passages.—Write or call, O/S. Church Army, 65, Branstons Street, W.1.

CANADA—GREAT NEW LAND SETTLEMENT SCHEME. FAMILIES, with or without experience, WANTED for a settlement on own farm. Gratiating reduced passages. Also MEN and BOYS for farm work, and domesticated WOMEN for household work. Employment guaranteed.—Apply particulars all schemes and prospects, Principal (who has wide Colonial experience), FRANK TON'S OVERSEAS INFORMATION BUREAU, 15, STRAND (next Charing Cross Station), or 45, BLUE BOAR, BOW, SALISBURY.

WATERPROOF COVERS. Oiled and waxed, same material as railway sheets, fitted with eyelets and latches. 12 ft. by 9 ft., 15/-; 15 ft. by 9 ft., 18/6; 18 ft. by 12 ft., 20/-; 19 ft. by 12 ft., 22/6. Any size supplied at 1/3 square yard. Send for List free.—GASSON AND SONS, Eye, Sussex. Phone: 24.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

GOVERNMENT CLOTHING, ETC.—Army Boots, 10/6, 12/6; Socks, 1/3; Cord Breeches, 10/6, 12/6; Leggings, 4/6, 7/6; Grey Shirts, 6/1; Oilskin Suits, 12/6, 21/-; Various Caps, Boots, and Coats; 10/-; 11/-; 12/-; 13/-; 14/-; 15/-; 16/-; 17/-; 18/-; 19/-; 20/-; 21/-; 22/-; 23/-; 24/-; 25/-; 26/-; 27/-; 28/-; 29/-; 30/-; 31/-; 32/-; 33/-; 34/-; 35/-; 36/-; 37/-; 38/-; 39/-; 40/-; 41/-; 42/-; 43/-; 44/-; 45/-; 46/-; 47/-; 48/-; 49/-; 50/-; 51/-; 52/-; 53/-; 54/-; 55/-; 56/-; 57/-; 58/-; 59/-; 60/-; 61/-; 62/-; 63/-; 64/-; 65/-; 66/-; 67/-; 68/-; 69/-; 70/-; 71/-; 72/-; 73/-; 74/-; 75/-; 76/-; 77/-; 78/-; 79/-; 80/-; 81/-; 82/-; 83/-; 84/-; 85/-; 86/-; 87/-; 88/-; 89/-; 90/-; 91/-; 92/-; 93/-; 94/-; 95/-; 96/-; 97/-; 98/-; 99/-; 100/-; 101/-; 102/-; 103/-; 104/-; 105/-; 106/-; 107/-; 108/-; 109/-; 110/-; 111/-; 112/-; 113/-; 114/-; 115/-; 116/-; 117/-; 118/-; 119/-; 120/-; 121/-; 122/-; 123/-; 124/-; 125/-; 126/-; 127/-; 128/-; 129/-; 130/-; 131/-; 132/-; 133/-; 134/-; 135/-; 136/-; 137/-; 138/-; 139/-; 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The King's Message.

The King believes that mutual confidence and restitution of the industries will benefit not only the British Empire but the whole world. So do we. These are days when one country can't be hurt without injuring every other.

Onward!

Not only the character, but the spirit and vitality of our people are as strong as ever. We have courage, strength, faith and opportunity. The best is in our hands, and to translate it into actual stuff of life and prosperity is well within our power.

Peace Desired.

With a few negligible exceptions, leaders of industry, masters and men, are giving thought to securing a sound policy for industrial prosperity. The ideal is all right. What we're still waiting for is detailed plans.

The Threat.

Faced with a deficit of £146,430,046, there are hints of the Chancellor making up his Budget by a still bigger income-tax. Its only effect would be to kill the goose of industry that lays the golden eggs.

A Word to Churchill.

Inundated with suggestions for new taxes to meet the inevitable deficit, the Budget men had better remember that traders are already suffering from more petty imposts than they can stand. "Fancy" taxes are a sure sign of rotten finance.

Day of Big Things Dawns.

Big discords, big expenditures, and big deficits mark the end of the past financial year. Now let's have great statesmanship with courage to put things right in a big fashion.

Worth Millions a Minute.

To save untold millions at a cost of £15, the British Admiralty has only to call up the U.S. Navy Department on the new wireless 'phone and say, "We're going to scrap that cruiser programme." To stop the armaments Marathon before it started would not take sane men three minutes.

Sanity Called For.

Finances in every country would soon be fit instead of feeble if expenditure on armaments was cut down. That's the way of sound sense and sanity, which is probably the reason why it's never taken.

First Things First.

The first Party to put a real land reform Bill into practical politics will sweep the country. We've said it before and we say it again, and we shall keep on saying it until we see the thing done.

After the Land.

With real land reform will come the first practical step towards a permanent cure of unemployment. To a country working its land to the full all things are possible.

Dead as a Door-nail.

This month's Trade Union Conference on last year's "general strike" is rightly called an "inquest." The one thing wanted from it is an order to bury the corpse.

A Liberal Problem.

If the Marquis of Reading is of too high rank, Sir Herbert Samuel too cautious, and Chief Whip Hutchison too busy to take the arduous job of organisation chairman, the Liberal Administrative Committee will scan the list of Liberal ex-M.P.s. To see a "dark horse" come to the front would not surprise us.

Optimism.

The industrial outlook is cheerful, according to Professor E. G. Coker, Dean of the Faculty of Engineering at University College, London. A big increase of engineering students is a sign of reviving prosperity. Youth evidently sees its chance and is prepared to take it.

Cheery Cleveland.

In spite of inadequate fuel supplies, two more steelworks and five more blast-furnaces have recently been restarted in Cleveland. The district should shortly be producing to capacity.

Cock o' the North.

Canny Scots at Aberdeen are going to build 1,000 dwellings in 250 blocks of four three-room flats. Each house will cost £391. At such a price workmen should find it possible to pay the rental. Let's have more such schemes.

Muddled Management.

Throughout the Rhymney Valley and Aberdare Valley collieries are being brought to a standstill through shortage of trucks. To throw twenty thousand idle for such a cause shows a supreme example of how not to do it.

The Black Diamond.

Householders in South Wales can buy coal at 48s. a ton; in London they pay 3s. 6d. a hundred-weight. Will someone explain the vast difference?

Setting the Pace.

Brighton is bringing about improvement by putting in force an all-round reduction in tram fares. Cheap transit is the modern world's great need.

"Fit for a King!"

Winners said that of "Bullets" Xmas Dinners. Even better are this week's

200 "BULLETS" HAMPERS!

Harry up!

See page 39

Good Stuff.

Non-contributory profit-sharing during the last fifteen years has resulted in the distribution of £30,000 to the employees of Angus Watson, Ltd. Sharing prosperity when it comes, and all pulling together with a will when it doesn't, would be salvation to all British industry.

Splendid Work.

So severe were the gales last October and November that lifeboats made ninety-three launches and saved a weekly average of fourteen lives. Nearly all were British—so were the rescuers, which explains a lot.

No Longer Foes.

All the same our lifeboats perform the truest sort of international service. French, Italian, German, Norwegian, Belgian, American, Greek and even Yugo-Slavian vessels have been saved. It makes for the real peace of nations.

Herrings Galore.

Vast catches of herring going twelve a penny have supplied all the little homes of South Donegal with cheap and wholesome fare. Ours were bought seven for a shilling. Someone bags a lot of boodle, but we guess it isn't the fishermen.

Bed-rock Truth.

Genius, says Edison the inventor, is 20 per cent. inspiration and 80 per cent. perspiration. Hundreds claim the first, but only one here and there wants to do the sweating. And that explains most of life's real failures.

The Cost.

The N.U.R., which had £2,000,000 a year ago, is now penniless and must impose a levy on its members. The general strike burnt down the house to roast the pig, and the unions are now in process of painfully realising the fact.

What It Means.

Depleted trade union funds have knocked on the head the offer of Easton Lodge as a Labour College. That's the tragedy. The parents have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth will be set on edge—for education, in every direction, is the only real salvation to democracy.

Waste Not, Want Not.

Commander Moore, to help King's College Hospital, is collecting empty tooth paste tubes from which he expects to make £5,000 a year in metal. We've neglected thrift far too long in this country. Yet there's wealth in it.

On Point Duty.

Sir William Horwood has dropped a bombshell into the police force by his strong memorandum on civility. If London policemen need a reprimand the politeness of the rest of us would stand a thorough polishing. But the public doesn't always remember that.

Fixing Responsibility.

In nine cases out of ten where incivility is reported the boot is on the other foot. As with policemen, so with tram, 'bus, Tube and train conductors. They have a difficult job, and lost tempers aren't all on their side.

The Brotherly Offer.

When the biggest of Colchester's four Wesleyan churches, in Culver Street, was burnt out, one bright incident lightened the loss. A near-by Anglican church immediately offered the members accommodation. It has not been found necessary to accept, but the deed remains true. It is a good sign that in some quarters at any rate religious rancour is dying.

Work in the Offing.

The Southern Railway extensions and improvements likely to be put in hand during the present year are to cost over £4,000,000. These schemes are in addition to those already in hand, such as the electrification of suburban lines, which are costing a like amount. A little more medicine of the same quality and the unemployed problem will be solved.

His Indomitable Spirit.

That blindness need not inevitably end a full career is the opinion of Mr. E. I. Reed, a young man who has risen superior to this terrible disability. Qualifying as a solicitor he frames his questions in cross-examination from Braille notes, and having conducted his first case at Newport, he won it. Reed sets all slackers a fine example.

The New Year's Gift.

The superintendent of Guy's Hospital, Mr. H. L. Eason, wears at the moment the smile that won't come off. Sir Gilbert Wills, one of the governors, has presented him with £50,000 for the purpose of enlarging and reconstructing the out-patients' and casualty department. To make others happy is to ensure one's own happiness. Sir Gilbert Wills has gone exactly the right way about it.

Stealing for Fun.

Gateshead magistrates are puzzled with the case of Lily Feeley, a young married woman, who steals for the sake of the excitement, who has been in prison, had her baby there, and now goes back for a further three months. It won't do any good. If such sneak thieves were made to work and pay back bit by bit whatever they stole, a reformation might be effected.

Robbing his Wife.

Though living apart from his wife, Robert Bushby, a labourer, forged her name and collected her maternity allowance from the National Amalgamated Approved Society, of Euston Square. For this low-down trick the Clerkenwell magistrate sentenced him to a month's imprisonment, and well did the rascal deserve it. A fellow who would descend to such villainy is beyond the pale.

"Nobody's Blame!"

For sheer heroism Francis Hector Osborne, a twenty-six-year-old coalcutter at the Backworth Colliery, will be remembered as well-nigh matchless. Caught by a coal-cutting machine, crushed and torn literally limb from limb, he kept consciousness and thought for others. "Bill, it was an accident. It was nobody's blame. I slipped," he said clearly and died. "Only a miner"—but what a man!

The Meanest Man.

When the attendant of a Tube escalator at Paddington found a dropped wallet, he opened it and found £11 and the address of the owner. He rang him up and acquainted him of the find, whereupon he hastened back, grabbed the purse, and was hurrying off when he was gently reminded that the telephone call had cost twopence. What a skunk! If we had the fellow's name we'd be glad to pillory it.

A Bright 'Un from Brighton.

Well might the Brighton Education Committee be proud of H. V. Ansell, a former elementary schoolboy. While a scholar at the Elm Grove School, he won a Hedgcock Scholarship, which entitled him to enter the municipal secondary school. Later he matriculated at London University, and now, while still a prefect, he has won the War Memorial Scholarship given by Oriel College. So brilliant a youth will doubtless go far.

Better—and Worse.

The War Office authorities are congratulating themselves on the boom in recruiting. Men are beginning to realise that it is better to join the Army than to remain upon the "dole," they argue. This may be so; but it is well to remember that it is a thousand times worse to turn potentially productive citizens into destructive automatons.

A Mean Move.

The Government's proposal to lower the wages of postmen is a poor sort of New Year compliment to these popular public servants. At the present figures postmen are certainly not overpaid, and the country does not begrudge a penny of their wages. Taxpayers do not thank the Treasury for making them look so atrociously mean.

State Doctors.

We trust that the prophecy of Professor Louise McIlroy that within a decade State doctors will be provided in maternity cases will come true. Conditions under which many children are now brought into the world are deplorable in the extreme. The very future of the race is dependent upon progress in this respect.

An Example.

Though Tobermory is a township of under 1,000 inhabitants on the Island of Mull, at a cost of £5,000 they have carried into effect a scheme for lighting the burgh by electricity. By damming the river it is possible to drive a forty-two horse-power dynamo, and a handsome revenue is assured. Too long have we despised the gifts that Nature holds.

Mine Tortures.

Evidence accumulates of the inhuman conditions of boy-labour in the coal-mines. "It is no unusual sight," says a recent observer, "to see a carting-boy with a raw back where the rope rubs or with the skin off his knees through crawling." That it costs money to equip the pits with mechanical haulage is no excuse for this degrading ill-usage of flesh and blood.

The Human Machine**Toddling Along**

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

IT is a saying the world over that the Englishman "muddles through." We ourselves, when things get into a mess, like to comfort ourselves by saying, "All's well! We'll muddle through somehow!"

It is a phrase I don't like. It gives a totally wrong idea of a very valuable trait in the Englishman's character.

"*Solvitur ambulando*," said the old Romans—"it is solved by walking"—meaning that if we have a problem to solve the best thing is to take a walk and do some quiet thinking and discussion.

It was, I think, Sir William Harcourt who translated this phrase in a typically English fashion by saying, "We solve it as we toddle along!"

It's not a bad philosophy. It is, at any rate, better to toddle along without fuss or excitement, thinking of ways and means to overcome difficulties while we get on with the job in hand, than to stop dead and refuse to budge until we see a perfectly clear road ahead.

THE only result of the latter method is to create a new crop of difficulties while we are trying to solve the old ones.

Don't, however, let us "toddle along" in a half-hearted, apathetic manner with the comforting, but quite false, belief that someone else will solve our troubles for us.

Let us think as we "toddle" and rely on our own brains and common-sense. It is only because we have a habit of so doing that other nations say we "muddle through."

Pin-pricks.

We associate ourselves with the protest of the Marylebone magistrate, Mr. Bingley, against the "piffing motor summonses" for minor offences. To waste time and money on bringing to court those who accidentally obscure their back-plates, for instance, is mere childishness. A warning would amply meet such trifling slips.

Despicable "Dole" Drawer.

William Birch is a Walsall painter who has been drawing 31s. a week "dole" on and off for three and a half years. Offered regular work at 38s. a week he turned it down, and had to be summoned to court in respect of his family's maintenance. Many men are compelled to take "dole" pay against their wishes, and for them we have a lot of sympathy. For Birch we have none at all.

A Needed Lesson.

War robbed poor little Harry Jones of a father he loved and who was good to him, and gave him a step-father in John William Powell, who made the family's home in Toxteth Street, Liverpool, a hell. One month's hard is lenient punishment for Powell's battering and inhuman treatment of his step-son. The mercy shown to him by the stipendiary may, however, prompt Powell to turn over a new leaf and to be less cruel to others.

Cheeseparating Commissioners.

A great shout is being made about the economies effected by the Ministry of Health officials who recently superseded the West Ham Guardians, but some of these "savings" call for closer examination. For example, reductions of £1,000 in money spent on drugs and medical appliances, and of £20,000 on building and repairs, may in the long run prove ruinously expensive. The "axe" is a two-edged tool.

Speed by Order.

In a case before the court at Brighton, arising out of a collision between a tram and a motor-car, it was urged on behalf of George Bristow, the tramdriver, that the time limit on his route had been cut down by six minutes, and in order to keep to schedule the vehicles had to be driven at a dangerous speed. The men themselves had protested. When corporations show so little regard for human life it is time someone rapped them over the knuckles.

Poor People's Pets.

We offer our meed of praise to Sir William Letts, of Llandudno, who paid the licence fees for a hundred dogs belonging to poor owners who could not spare the money. Also to Sir Arthur and Lady Young, who brought happiness to ten families in the same way. It is sad to think, however, of the hundreds who must have been forced to part with their pets. Only a dog-lover can realise what a pang it must bring to hand over a faithful canine friend to an untimely death.

"Dole" Beer-money.

He takes methylated spirit the biggest part of the week and beer when he gets the "dole," was said of an unemployed Hull man, charged with being drunk and disorderly. To get drunk on the country's money seems about one of the lowest uses to which the "dole" can be put. Considering that the man, Patrick Fallen, had ten previous convictions against him, the guinea fine seems inadequate. Fifteen days' imprisonment, the alternative, is nearer the mark of making the punishment fit the crime.

Fifty Years of Fighting.

Our warmest congratulations are offered to the Editor of *Truth* and his staff on the jubilee of the paper. For fifty years *Truth* has fought consistently against the powers of evil in finance and politics. It has made bitter enemies in the process, but it has likewise made a host of loyal friends. Our own watchword is "Without Fear or Favour," and we are proud of it. We can offer no higher compliment than to say that it might honestly have been applied all through to the policy of our gallant contemporary.

The Call.

Mr. J. Bruce Walker, Canada's Director of European Emigration in London, wants 14,000 men for farm work in the Dominions, of whom the greater bulk must have some farm experience. To be British, of sound health and sound character, is essential, and all must sign an undertaking to go to farm work. That's just the sort we're wanting on the land in this country also, but "First secure the land" must be the slogan. At present too much is entirely landlord-locked and unused.

Pity the Pony.

A Cardiff coal and coke seller, James Martin, was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for starving a pony. He turned it out on a waste piece of ground, where there was absolutely nothing to eat, and left it there for a fortnight. The man possessed neither stable nor money to buy food. If this indeed be so it is a pitiable case, though no man with a heart could contemplate the position of the poor animal without moving heaven and earth to supply its needs.

Poignant Melody.

On New Year's Sunday the inmates of Armley Jail, Leeds, listened to a performance of "The Messiah." A man whose brother had recently been sentenced to a term of penal servitude sought and obtained permission to interpose a violin solo. He played "In a Monastery Garden," and put his whole soul into the melody. It was brother comforting brother, and it is difficult to say which was the more moved. We hope the music brought peace to both those aching hearts.

Game till Death.

Thomas Bell was a jobbing printer of Clapham. For long he had been suffering from tuberculosis, yet he never ceased to try for work when the opportunity offered. He fell down and died on the pavement of Fetter Lane while standing outside a printer's premises. The City coroner has asked to see the man's Army papers with a view to getting a pension for the widow, since it is possible that the disease was contracted on active service. And these are the kind of men whom some would have us believe are lazy unemployables!

A Grave Allegation.

When William Henry Dayment, a painter's labourer, of Vauxhall Bridge Road, was fined at Bow Street for assaulting an official of the employment exchange in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, he complained that corruption and graft were prevalent. "Unless you bribe them you cannot get work, some of which is given out at a public-house," he asserted. The deputy-manager stated that the fullest investigation had been ordered. We contend that this should be conducted in the open, without fear or favour. So grave an accusation must not be lightly dismissed.

A Cruel Action.

When Lucy Reynon, aged twenty-two, domestic servant, of High Street, Gandiffath, South Wales, was charged at Marylebone Police Court with wandering abroad and lodging in the open air, she told the magistrate, Mr. Bingley, that she came up from Wales to a situation in London and was given notice the following week. She had not enough money to return home, and was stranded. Shame on mistresses who, whether they are displeased with a girl or not, knowing her home to be at a long distance, turn her out without even troubling to enquire whether she has her fare.

They Also Ran.

Mr. R. W. Goldie, head of Bradford City Mission, is a man with a heart. In Broomfield slums he found a man, wife, and four children in a desolate room with nothing but two mugs and the rags in which they stood up. He provided food, a truss of straw and an orange-box table, then set about an appeal. In a few hours the public responded with over £133 and food and clothes enough to set the family going. The almoners taking these gifts found the birds had flown! Big-hearted Bradford must feel at liberty to give the money to better-known cases. Some folk can't be helped, and this bolted family is among them.

Another Phantom Photographer.

Complaints reach us from southern counties regarding a person named J. Hammerson, late of Weymouth Terrace, Southampton. It appears that Mr. Hammerson belongs to the growing army of doorstep photographers who secure orders for enlargements which too often turn out to be of the phantom variety. He recently disappeared from his Weymouth Terrace address and several people would be very glad to know of his present whereabouts.

Waiter—and Slave.

Mr. Charles W. Mould, of Wolfe Crescent, Charlton, S.E., tells of a waiter at a first-class hotel who worked seven days a week and averaged thirteen hours a day. Occasionally he kept at it for sixteen hours at a stretch. For this he received the princely remuneration of £1 per week, plus tips, which amounted to from 30s. to £2. It is a pity that Mr. Mould omitted to mention the name of the hotel, since it would have afforded us pleasure to have given the establishment and its sweating proprietor a cheap advertisement.

Football Bookies' Bluster.

Sutherland Ross and Co., of Hampstead Road, London, N.W., describe themselves as "The Premier football commission agents." They speak airily of "fair prices," "fair play" and "quick payments," and boast that their name is "synonymous with security." We are afraid this is all bluster! One reader complains that he cannot obtain settlement, while another who received a cheque for winnings declares that the bank returned it "R.D." Meanwhile, the "premier football commission agents" show a marked tendency to ignore their correspondence!

Pearls and a Perfect Voice.

The Perfect Voice Institute, of Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago, favours original business methods. In teaching "Professor Feuchtinger's" method of voice production by post it apparently encounters some difficulty in obtaining payment from dissatisfied pupils. Such delinquents are first of all offered a "24 inch string of pearls," if they forward the balance of their fees within twenty-five days, and should this offer be refused, it is "considered" as a challenge for the institute to protect its interests legally! We would advise the public to ignore such rubbish.

A "Dead" Blackguard.

Harold Hawkes White, twenty-nine, is a skunk of the worst type, who makes a speciality of preying upon women. He posed as a shell-shocked soldier at a hospital in Birmingham, though he had never been overseas, and married the daughter of a woman who took an interest in him. He obtained £500 from his wife, and then deserted her. Later he wrote in an assumed name announcing his own death, and asked for money for the funeral. At the Bucks Quarter Sessions he was sentenced to nine months' hard labour for fraud. It would have been well for the world had the term been a longer one.

A Mean Trickster.

Canon Hunt, of St. Barnabas Cathedral, Nottingham, has drawn attention to a mean trickster, who has been selling trumpery pictures worth a copper or two for two shillings on the pretence that the balance went to the Catholic Truth Society and that the names of the buyers were being sent to Rome to receive the Pope's blessing. "If I meet the fellow I am afraid I shall forget that I am a priest," declared his reverence. Our hope is that the two will meet, and that the canon will allow his justifiable indignation full sway. Such cunning needs handling with the gloves off.

**50 Cheques of £5 5s.
for Registered Readers**

See page 2.

Problems of Life

Snatching Victory from Defeat

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

ONE of the most prolific writers of the day is Edgar Wallace. He can write a book overnight and have the whole British public clamouring for it next morning.



Mr. Edgar Wallace

Recently a former associate of his told me that Mr. Wallace discovered his powers as an author through falling upon a period of bad luck.

He was a Fleet Street journalist out of a job, and began to write stories to fill his enforced leisure and, if possible, keep the wolf from the door.

If this statement is incorrect, I ask his indulgence for repeating it.

I hope it is true, however, for it is quite in keeping with literary traditions.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle gives a similar account of his own beginnings in the world of letters.

He was a struggling young doctor to whom patients came slowly, so he was compelled to turn to something else to supplement a meagre and uncertain income.

Happily for us all, he chose fiction and rose to fame as the creator of the immortal Sherlock Holmes.

Soldiers tell me that Sir Arthur is a first-class surgeon, as was nobly demonstrated by his voluntary service during the Boer War and later; but doctoring as a profession for him had to make way for the greater success he has achieved as a writer.

NOW suppose either of these men had never had to struggle, or had given in to misfortune, no one would ever have known what was in them—nor, I think, would they have known themselves.

I wonder if this was in Edgar Wallace's mind when he set two of his characters, a man and a woman, talking as follows in one of his latest books:

She says: "You are being awfully sorry for yourself, aren't you?" He answers: "I suppose I am. But a man is entitled—"

The lady does not allow him to finish the sentence, but shuts him up with the sharp rejoinder: "A man is never entitled to be sorry for himself in any circumstances."

OF course, she turns out to be his good angel, etc., etc., but the moral of her rebuke would have been just as true if she had not.

"No man is entitled to be sorry for himself in any circumstances."

First, because it unmans him. Manliness and self-pity cannot live together.

Secondly, because it weakens judgment, paralyses energy, and destroys opportunity.

Thirdly, because being sorry for yourself prevents you from seeing the best way out.

There is no situation so bad but that—No, reader, I was not going to say it might be worse. The greater truth is it can be made better. Lose heart and you lose all.

A DANGEROUS CLUB

A PEN "FRIENDSHIP" MENACE

Clare's World-wide Tentacles

A VERY sinister organisation, the Universal Correspondence Club, of 16, Cambridge Street, Victoria, is operating to-day with headquarters in London, the object of which is to effect introductions between lonely people.

It is far more pretentious than the average "matrimonial agencies," and, in our opinion, its widespread influence constitutes a grave menace.

Its advertisements are broadcast throughout the entire world. Canadian correspondents are told in its announcements that British girls "seek" them; similar enticing messages are inserted in newspapers in America and South Africa and other parts of the world, while an alarming aspect lies in the fact that India is a favourite field in this connection.

A terrible danger

The possibility of promiscuous introductions between individuals of different nationalities has a dangerous element indeed.

What safeguards are taken by the society to prevent British girls from getting into touch with the countless coloured men to whose notice their advertisements must inevitably come?

Consider the advertisements which this society—the Universal Correspondence Club, of 16, Cambridge Street, Victoria, London, S.W.—has inserted from time to time in various Indian newspapers.

The following is a typical example: "British ladies and gentlemen seek correspondents in India. Write T. M. Clare, 16, Cambridge Street, London, S.W.1."

The fact that such announcements—freely circulated throughout the length and breadth of India—may not make their sole appeal to lonely members of the white population cannot be disregarded.

With such world-wide ramifications

one would naturally suppose the headquarters of the club to be of a somewhat imposing nature.

Journeying to the club headquarters, however, our representative did not find the giant organisation



Mr. Clare, the mysterious secretary of the Universal Correspondence Club

he had expected to find, but simply a private house.

Curiously enough, there was no mention of the Universal Correspondence Club upon the door, though two names appeared there—B. Clare and "Bertrams," the latter being "Letter Specialists."

Apart from being the guiding light of Bertrams, Mr. Clare is also the gentleman who signs all the club's correspondence, and is described as the secretary.

This gentleman claims that the club is "an unquestionable success." He promises "absolute privacy," points out that there is "no publicity whatever," that he deals with all correspondence personally, and that

he will introduce you to "just the sort of friends you seek."

The significance of these points, which Clare emphasises by a lavish use of capital letters, need not be dwelt upon.

Apart from being the organiser of a decidedly distasteful business (his fees for introductions vary according to the means of his clients), there are many other unsatisfactory points.

Reference to the files at Somerset House reveals the remarkable fact that Mr. Clare is not the registered proprietor of the concern, which is strange in view of the fact that he describes himself on some of the club's literature as its founder.

Actually, the proprietor is Bertram Curtze, who also figures as the registered proprietor of Bertrams, the typewriting agency, housed in the same office and sharing the same telephone number.

A questionable "profession"

Another peculiar feature about the Cambridge Street premises is that it is shown as being occupied not by Bertram Curtze, but by Bertram Clare.

A stranger thing still is that "Bertrams," before it went to Cambridge Street, was run from an address at Minford Mansions, Hammersmith, in the name of the West London Facsimile Typewriting Company, the proprietor of which was also Mr. Curtze.

At that time the headquarters of "Bertrams" was a private flat, from which approximately a dozen fee-snatching ramps were being conducted. Some of these, though now defunct, were not registered under the Business Names Act.

It is lamentable, to say the least, that such an atmosphere of mystery should hover around an institution following the questionable "profession" of introducing young girls to strangers abroad.

Tea Table Trickery

An Amazing Catch

DURING the past week or so several people have written to us protesting that they have been the victims of a most arrant piece of trickery.

Attracted by a circular offering white damasked table-covers and tea serviettes to those who subscribe for six or twelve months to a ladies' paper, they have sent their money, with astounding and disappointing results.

The table-covers and the tea serviettes duly arrived with the publication, but they were made of flimsy paper, so that the people who had sent 5s. or 10s. subscription, have good cause to regret their bargains.

There are indications that this ingenious method of obtaining subscribers is at present being practised wholesale by the proprietors of an obscure publication known as *Paris Fashions*, which has its head office in the Rue Lafitte, Paris.

Our readers will doubtless remember that we struck a warning note in these columns some months ago, when *Paris Fashions* first sprang into being.

Some missing features

Notwithstanding its claims to be "the best ladies' home journal," with a dozen "Editorial Departments," *Home Fashions* is a very sorry production.

A copy of its *édition de luxe* is before us at the moment and it is poorly printed in bad English upon cheap paper. We have scanned its columns in vain for a trace of its "Colonial, sporting, theatrical, financial, social and literary news," which its notepaper would lead one to suppose were regular features.

If we include the cover, this curious publication consists of sixteen pages, nine of which are devoted to reading matter, the others being given up to advertisements or miscellaneous exhortations to send further fees under various schemes.

We were particularly interested in the cookery page, which exclusively boasted "a sensational new invention" which was termed a "Parisian Steamer."

An impudent condition

Paris Fashions requested those readers who desired one of these wonderful steamers to send a remittance to the manufacturer, "P. Raynal, 9, rue des Precheurs, Paris." We learn of one reader who sent £1 10s. in this connection without hearing anything more.

Since then he has written repeatedly but neither the manufacturer nor *Paris Fashions* can be induced to reply.

Perhaps the most impudent part of the whole affair is the fact that *Paris Fashions* calmly informs its readers that a fee of 2s. 6d. should accompany all complaints.

If its disappointed readers are foolish enough to comply with this "rule" *Paris Fashions* is likely to reap a handsome income from this source alone.

A HIGHLAND EVICTION

Driven from the Glens

IT is half a century since the Highland evictions were forced upon the North of Scotland and the crofters were driven from the glens and mountain-sides to make way for the deer forests and the shooting-boxes of the sporting millionaires.

Apparently the tragedy of that policy has not been fully learned. Until recently the small croft of Shenval at the top of Glenurquhart, in Inverness-shire, was occupied by Mr. Alexander Macrae.

Responding to the call

His father owned the croft, on which, as far as memory takes us, some member of the clan had grown his crops and tended his few cattle.

Only once did Alexander Macrae leave the croft for any lengthy period, and that was when the call went forth to the clansmen some dozen

years ago and was responded to as in the days of the Fiery Cross.

Macrae came back bearing a few scars, but still fit and able to wrest a livelihood from between the stony cairns which dot the little croft.

A futile plea

His father died in July, 1925, and he applied for the tenancy. It was not until May, 1926, that he heard with dismay that the trustees of the Seafield estate had disposed of Shenval to the Forestry Commission.

In such cases, given timely notice, there is an opportunity for the crofter to look for another holding.

He asked for a period of grace, but only a month was allowed. He appealed to the MacIntosh of MacIntosh and to Lord Lovat to use their influence to prevent his eviction, but these gentlemen were unsuccessful.

The whole of his possessions were

sold for a paltry sum, and Macrae has now little hope of re-establishing himself on another Highland croft.

We should like to know if this kind of thing is the policy of the Forestry Commission. Afforestation is a good thing, but not when it is done at the expense of the arable land, which is scant enough in the depopulated Highlands.

Blood thicker than water

Are there not many miles of deer forest in the Highlands which provide work for but a few keepers and exist only for the pleasure of wealthy idlers?

We appeal to Lord Lovat in particular, since he is himself a member of the Forestry Commission, to try again on this poor crofter's behalf, if not on point of policy, at least for the sake of the Highland blood that is thicker than water.

BIG MOTOR-SCHOOL FRAUD

ALI BABA'S GARAGE

Gateley's Golden Clutch

AMAZING and impudent is the record of a concern called the British Automobile Schools.

Two gentlemen named Victor Hugh Gateley and Arthur George Chamberlain adopted this imposing name two years ago when they set themselves up as motor-driving instructors and dealers in cars.

A few weeks after it had started business in elaborate offices at 19, Charing Cross Road, W.C., the firm obtained £150 from a young man in North London, whom they employed as an instructor.

The money was to be held in trust and was returnable with interest at 5 per cent. within one month of the agreement being terminated. Many months have passed since the employment came to an end, but the young man cannot get the return of his money.

Gateley, when tackled on the subject, simply wrote a postcard pleading poverty, and said he could make no offer.

A young Scotsman, also within a few weeks of the business being commenced, was attracted by the prospects of employment held out by this concern in its advertisements.

An astounding notice

He came down from the north of Scotland, took a three weeks' course, and after two months, finding no jobs available through the firm's employment bureau, he invested £250 and was appointed an instructor. His money, too, was to be held in trust.

After working hard and earning a fortnight's holiday, he was astonished to receive notice terminating his appointment while he was still on leave. He, too, has done every-

thing possible to get back his money, but without success.

Early last year, a young man in north-east London, who took a twelve-guinea course, found the firm's employment department of little service to him. He was given a job as instructor conditional upon his depositing £100.

He paid the money, and after some trouble in getting an agreement from the concern, he was allowed to start work.

His contract was for two years, but after a few months he found his services were no longer required and the coffers of the concern no longer contained his hard-earned savings, which have not been returned to him.

A sad discovery

Naturally, when men hand over their money and are given agreements that it shall be held in trust, they expect it to be safely invested.

In the cases we have quoted, which are but typical of several to which our attention has been drawn, the unfortunate employees find that their money has simply disappeared.

Gateley and Chamberlain turned their unsatisfactory concern into a company in June, 1925, when it was registered as British Automobile Schools, Limited, with a nominal capital of £2,000 in £1 shares.

They reserved for themselves three-fourths of the share capital and the right to continue as permanent directors for life. The balance of the share capital—namely, £500—was furnished by a gentleman who was given the job of works manager and a directorship.

British Automobile Schools also conducted an employment department at 88, Regent Street, and later at Walter House, Bedford Street, Strand, which they called Associated Auto-Agencies.

British Automobile Schools, Ltd., was accorded severe criticism in these columns, just over a year ago, for its "catchpenny" advertising.

An attractive lure

Ex-Servicemen and others seeking work, with but a few pounds to spare, were being attracted by advertisements which announced "employment secured under written guarantee."

Following such announcements, we received a number of complaints about the inability of British Automobile Schools, Ltd., to find employment for all who took their courses of instruction.

Our investigations then showed that the concern was issuing a diploma or certificate of rather doubtful value.

The offices of the concern were plastered with original testimonials, but on enquiry we found that the "school," before granting its "certificate," sent a printed request to the pupil for a written answer to the question, Have you received satisfaction?

The "certificate" was a ridiculous document. "This certifies that Mr. So-and-So has complied with the requirements and completed a course of study to his satisfaction" was how it read. The italics are ours.

By July 9 last year debentures to the extent of £1,800 had been issued, but unfortunately this does not seem to have helped the unfortunate victims whose cases we have quoted.



Victor Hugh Gateley, who with Arthur George Chamberlain, started the motor school.

When the difficulties of the concern became most acute, there was a shuffle of directors, and both Gateley and Chamberlain resigned, and in July last a Receiver for the debenture-holders was appointed.

When British Automobile Schools, Ltd., and Associated Auto Agencies a few weeks ago applied for the renewal of their licences as employment agents, they found the L.C.C. had particulars of such glaring cases as we have quoted.

A forlorn hope

They did not proceed with their application, but volunteered the information that a new company was being formed. We hope it will be new in every sense of the word.

After careful consideration of all the information we have, our advice to the disillusioned people who deposited their hard-earned savings with Messrs. Gateley and Chamberlain is to place their cases before the Public Prosecutor, if within the next few days the gentlemen do not scrape together enough to pay them out in full.

Slipshod Business

A Company's Reputation

THE other day the Lancashire and General Assurance Company and its director, Mr. Harry Hooper Stockfield, were summoned at Bow Street for failing to deposit certain vital accounts with the Board of Trade.

It was stated for the Board of Trade that fines had already been imposed upon the company and Mr. Stockfield earlier in the year, and the magistrate was also informed that the company had been late in sending in its accounts since 1922.

The maximum penalty for the company's serious omissions was declared to be £50 for every day in default, and this had mounted up to something like £40,000!

Empty excuse

In making various excuses to account for the delays and omissions the company's counsel stated that "nothing could be said against the reputation of the company."

The magistrate ordered the company to pay a fine of £150 and £7 7s.

costs, and Mr. Stockfield to pay £75 and £7 7s. costs.

Not so very long ago some very scathing comments were made by certain of the Law Lords who were called upon to consider an appeal case in which the Lancashire and General Assurance Company figured.

Carelessness criticised

Adverse criticism has also been made from time to time in a trade publication, while JOHN BULL and another public-spirited journal have given considerable publicity to this company's careless methods of business.

Following the publication of our last criticisms we received enquiries from disappointed policyholders.

As late as November last the company figured in the Manchester County Court. It was sued by a Manchester widow for £100, being the amount claimed under a personal accident policy of her late husband.

The company was not even represented in court, and judgment was entered for the widow with costs!

War Servant's Plight

Cast Aside at Fifty

A LONDON reader, Mr. D. E. Charles, finds himself in an unhappy plight at fifty, having been cast aside and forgotten in spite of the fact that he has rendered sterling service to his country.

Although he was over the age limit at the outbreak of war, Mr. Charles obtained a position as acting paymaster, and in June, 1915, was commissioned to the Army Pay Department.

For three years he served with the German East African Expeditionary Force, and, after his demobilisation he joined the Ministry of Pensions as a temporary auditor.

A cruel blow

After two years with the Ministry he was promoted to be senior auditor with headquarters in Brighton. In April, 1924, while auditing at Portsmouth, he had a paralytic stroke and was in hospital for three months.

When Mr. Charles finally emerged from hospital, crippled in one arm as the result of his paralytic stroke, he

was destined to receive a still further blow, a blow that will strike most people as being cruel in the extreme. He was dismissed from the service!

Within its rights, but—

In cold, official language he was merely told that his services were terminated in accordance with the conditions of his temporary service "without cause assigned."

Since that day, Mr. Charles has fought hard to secure reinstatement or some alternative post; but in vain.

He has manfully struggled to obtain work elsewhere, but, in spite of the fact that he possesses high qualifications and splendid testimonials, he has only succeeded in getting occasional employment.

Whilst it must be admitted that the Ministry acted quite within its rights, it really does seem heartless that a servant who has rendered efficient and devoted service should be discharged in this way whilst still convalescing from a serious illness contracted at the time of his service.

BENNY'S BACCY TWIST

SILVER-TONGUED SILVERMAN

A New Game of "Confidences"

FICTION must take a back seat when confronted by the tales of those out to deceive. Unfortunately, the tales are not treated as fiction, and belief in them leads to disaster

A DAPPER "confidence" cheat of a new school is at large to-day in the person of Benjamin Silvermann. He is in the habit of getting on "friendly" terms with shopkeepers by frequenting their premises and making numerous substantial purchases.

A few weeks ago he walked into the shop of a West End tobacconist whose confidence he had obtained in the manner indicated, and, in the course of a seemingly casual conversation, let drop some interesting remarks concerning a life-long friend of his.

Curiously enough, this friend was also a tobacconist, but he was closing down to go abroad.

Silvermann spoke of the trials and tribulations to which his friend was being subjected in this "closing down" process.

In the most innocent manner imaginable he jocularly referred to the fact that his friend's stock was being cleared out at remarkably alluring prices.

Nibbling the bait

Moved by the pleasing conversational powers of his affable customer, the tobacconist mentioned that he would like to have a look at the stock.

Silvermann laughingly pretended that he had not expected the other to be interested, but, with a gesture of condescending geniality, he agreed to take the tobacconist to see the goods.

On the way Silvermann explained indirectly that the goods in question had been offered to him personally for a mere song.

This conveyed to his companion the suggestion that Silvermann could drive an even better bargain than he could do.

In the end the tobacconist asked Silvermann if he would act as intermediary buyer, which, of course, was exactly what the latter had been playing for.

Eventually the shop was reached and Silvermann asked the tobacconist to wait in an adjacent public-house while he obtained some samples of the goods.

The promised fortune

When the genial Silvermann rejoined his friend he was armed with a box of choice cigars and a supply of various brands of cigarettes, pipes and tobaccos.

The tobacconist, being an experienced member of the trade, realised at a glance that the quality of the goods left nothing to be desired, and the prices mentioned by Silvermann were indeed alluring.

The trader was all out for business now.

Through the medium of Silvermann, whom he knew as Jordan, he saw that he could make a little

fortune by snapping up some of this retiring tobacconist's stock at the astonishingly low prices which only the tie of friendship could obtain.

Silvermann casually agreed to buy up some of the stock on his companion's behalf and they drew up an order and worked out the total sum necessary on the basis of the "friendship" rates.

The tobacconist wrote out his cheque on the spot so that Silvermann could collect the goods straight away and get in ahead of other clamouring buyers.

A rude awakening

Silvermann went, and, as may be guessed, the waiting trader never set eyes upon him again.

After waiting patiently for some considerable time he began to fear the worst and crossed over to the tobacconist's, where he learnt with dismay that Silvermann was quite unknown.

The shopkeeper explained that he was certainly not closing down, but he was able to recall the fact that a man answering Silvermann's description had been in the shop that morning and had purchased the goods which had been shown to the trader as "samples."

The anxious tobacconist dashed away to his bank to endeavour to stop the cheque. But cheats run faster than those whom they have cheated. Silvermann had been to the bank already, had cashed the cheque and had vanished into space.

Apart from this tobacconist, whose case we have given in detail, there are numerous other classes of traders who have been swindled in much the same sort of way, and numbers of complaints have been lodged with the police in London and the provinces.

Unlimited impudence

Silvermann, as a matter of fact, is well known to the police all over the country, and has recently carried out similar coups to the above at Grays, Hull, Plymouth, Poplar and Barking.

He has passed under a variety of aliases, and has already been convicted on more than one occasion for fraud.

In view of these facts, we hope, for the protection of the public, that he will soon be brought to book.



Sir Henry Whitehead,
President of the Pre-
vention of Fraudulent
Trading Association

THE MIRACLE PASTE

AN ALCHEMIST OF EASY STREET

Anything You Fancy!

BUSINESS propositions put forward inviting participation by the public need watching. In too many cases the offers are too promising in every sense. There's a catch somewhere!

IT is proposed to place on the world's market a paste which has unlimited possibilities as a cleaner, a depilatory powder with a reputation in the highest circles for efficient service, a powder which when added to molten iron eliminates each and every air bubble in the ultimate metal, and last, but not least, a method for treating quartz which will cast the present stamping machinery into oblivion.

This will be performed for the modest sum of £300! It is only fair to state at this juncture that we hold no option on any of these, and, in fact, to make room for those who have a more highly developed business sense, we would gracefully retire.

A picturesque plot

However, although our interest in next season's pantomimes has not yet arisen, the picturesque plot to make a fortune, and that right quickly, which was unfolded to us by a young man the other day, has certain aspects worthy of the enterprising producer's notice.

Our young friend had read of the offer we refer to above in the columns of a London newspaper, containing advertisements which are inserted by people requiring money for business purposes for the benefit of those who, although requiring money, have still some at their disposal.

He replied to the advertisement, and in a letter from a Mr. J. Casson, of Maida Vale, learnt briefly the details of the scheme. An appointment was arranged, and Mr. Casson explained more fully in the quietude of his flat.

The magician's outfit

First, there was what he termed the "bread-and-butter lines." By this he meant the cleaning paste and the remover of superfluous hair. The first, Mr. Casson said, he had exploited in South Africa, but owing to the scarcity of white people, the market was so limited it was hardly remunerative.

One of the most pre-eminent qualities possessed by this humble grey paste, which, by the way, retires a quarter of an inch from the edge of the tin if allowed to become dry, is the cheapness with which it can be manufactured. For a mere £55 worth of material, a matter of 8,000 tins can be produced.

All that is wanted is a back room in the Harrow Road, say at a weekly rental of a little over a pound, a boiler with gas fitting, a small girl at about half the cost of the room, a well-drilled army of house-to-house canvassers, a partner and hey presto! one of the bread-and-butter lines will be in full swing.

Not only are we sure this is a business proposition, but it has the elements of a benefaction to mankind.

Now for the other. A gentleman died some time ago leaving behind him a white powder, which enjoyed for some twenty years a fashionable sway in the best society for banishing unwanted hair.

According to Mr. Casson, the son, to whom in the natural course of things had fallen the ownership of the powder, was willing to go fifty-fifty in its sale. Mr. Casson assured our young friend that, with advertising and developing the marketing, generally, it was a good thing.

So much for the second bread-and-butter line.

All landed in Easy Street!

Now come the propositions which, brought to a successful completion, will, in the words of Mr. Casson, "land all concerned in Easy Street."

The two propositions are the invention of a friend of Mr. Casson. One is a powder to eliminate air bubbles in cast iron, and the other is a method for treating quartz, which reduces it to a friable condition.

As, unfortunately, the infirmity of age precludes the inventor himself negotiating for the sale of the two propositions, Mr. Casson had agreed to shoulder the burden.

He has many friends all over America, having lived in that prosperous paradise for many years. It would indeed be a happy idea if Mr. Casson could combine business and pleasure in a trip over there by demonstrating the old man's inventions and renewing many an old friendship.

On one of his inventions the inventor has agreed to go fifty-fifty and the other he will sell for £250. Such a paltry picking in so huge a deal is, of course, absurd, as Mr. Casson explained, and the inventor will be given more.

We think that he will be amply repaid with £250 if Mr. Casson relates to him how he proposes to demonstrate the efficacy of the powder which when mixed with molten iron removes every air-bubble.

Mr. Casson painted a vivid word-picture for our young friend's benefit during the interview.

Bowing to a great invention

It appears he will stand over the cupola of red-hot liquid, pour the contents of a cartridge upon it and stir it firmly with his stick. A change will take place, not only in Mr. Casson's stick but on the metal, which, although cast-iron, will resemble steel.

We prophesy quite a stir among American car manufacturers.

As for the treatment of the quartz, which is the subject of the second proposition, if it really has reduced Aberdeen granite to a crumbly state, then we bow to a great invention.

It seems to us very cheap at £300!

HUGE PRIZE SCHEME EXPOSED

£300,000 LOTTERY SWINDLE

Heckscher the Hamburg Humbug

PLANs for relieving members of the British public of their savings through the medium of an ingenious foreign lottery are being completed in Germany, and we believe we are just in time to prevent the organisers from effecting the colossal coup they anticipate.

A concern called the Allgemeine Propaganda Zentrale, of Dammtorstrasse 30, Hamburg, has lately endeavoured to get advertisements inserted in various British newspapers in similar terms to the following:

"For profitable investments of small amounts from five shillings upwards (prospectus gratis and post free) apply to Samuel Heckscher, Senior, Banker, Dammtorstr. 14, Hamburg, 36, Germany."

In some cases the advertisements have actually appeared, but, happily, many have been rejected owing to the fact that the Advertising Association has intimated to certain newspapers the fact that such announcements are better left alone.

People writing to Hamburg for particulars of the "profitable investment" offer receive printed particulars of a project called the "367th Hamburg State Lottery," which boasts £300,000 in cash prizes.

A colossal gamble

British investors are invited to send £1 for a "full ticket" or 5s. for a "quarter ticket."

Of course, the whole thing is, to say the least, a very one-sided gamble, and the fact that it is a colossal one is apparent from the promised prize figure of £300,000.

A moment's reflection shows that

if such an amount is to be devoted to prizes a far greater amount must be collected by the Hamburg philanthropists if they are to make anything out of the project after the heavy overhead charges of administration, advertising, printing and similar expenses have been paid.

There are many good reasons why this scheme should be utterly ignored.

In the first place, such a lottery is illegal in this country, and entrants, if they later wish to raise any queries concerning the conduct of its affairs, have no redress whatever here and would have to make a special trip to Germany.

A second point, and one of very vital importance, is that Mr. Samuel Heckscher is a so-called foreign "banker" with a long record in connection with this illegal "fortune-making" business.

A nasty shock

He has been running lotteries of one sort or another, and under various names, for the last twenty years, and his general plan of campaign is ingenious indeed.

Naturally the investors presume that their purchase of a ticket or quarter ticket entitles them to participate in the £300,000 draw.

But when the initial payment has been made they learn to their surprise that there is to be a series of drawings to decide who shall compete for the final prizes!

In other words, it is not until an entrant has followed up his first payment by investing further sums in several successive tickets, during the eliminating process, that he gets a

chance for competing for one of the big prizes.

Those who protest are simply told that they must otherwise forfeit all rights in the scheme!

In many of Heckscher's previous schemes ticket-holders, after having their eyes opened to the "successive ticket" trick, have dropped out of the ramp altogether, which is just what Mr. Heckscher likes them to do.

Some lame excuses

All efforts to obtain a refund of any money once it has been paid over are, of course, quite futile as the whole thing is a flagrant gamble.

Apart from his ingenious and never-ending lottery schemes, Mr. Heckscher possesses an impudence which it would be hard to equal.

In 1924, after we had inserted a paragraph warning the public against a "Great Gold Lottery" which he was then running, he wrote a letter to a reader of this journal who had sent our reference to him and said some very scathing things about JOHN BULL.

Our paragraph, he declared, was "misleading" and he could not prosecute in the matter owing to the fact that the Hamburg Government had no jurisdiction over the papers of this country!

He further pointed out that the laws of England suppress all lotteries, which precluded him from publishing the names of prize-winners in British papers!

For the edification of Samuel Heckscher, and for the benefit of the British public in general, we have the greatest pleasure in affording him



The Rt. Hon. Sir Douglas Hogg, K.C., M.P., whose department should look into foreign lotteries of the kind described in this article

this publicity, which we trust will effectually "scotch" the present gigantic £300,000 scheme on which he is engaged.

A risky game

We would also remind him of the fact that, under the Lotteries Act of 1836, severe penalties are imposed on any persons who are guilty of printing and publishing any matter relating to any foreign lottery or pertaining to the sale of tickets therefor.

Further, we direct the attention of the Attorney-General to this particular lottery, in the hope that his department will look into the matter and see if the law cannot be enforced in some way to put a stop to Mr. Heckscher's activities in this country.

The Postmaster-General can also help, for he is empowered by law to open and detain the contents of any postal packets which he has reason to believe contain printed matter or money pertaining to these illegal swindles from foreign lands.

TWO CAREY STREET RASCALS

THE CREDITORS' BIRTHDAY FEAST

A Pair of Bamboozling Brothers

MANY hundreds of thousands of pounds are lost yearly by honest traders through the impudent activities of people who trade recklessly on credit after they know that their affairs are hopelessly insolvent.

As a typical example, we cannot do better than give the story of two brothers named Bernard and David Sief, who for some time have carried on business in Australian Avenue, London, E.C., as "wholesale hosiery merchants."

An easy way out

Here it should be noted that, under the farcical Business Names Act, anyone can trade to-day, in any name they choose to adopt, merely by registering a handful of vague particulars at Somerset House.

Thus it was that the brothers Sief met with no obstacles in their dubious trading. They were only installed at their City office for the brief period of one year, but in that time they contrived to contract debts with a

number of unsuspecting people to the extent of nearly £4,000!

When they blossomed forth as "wholesale hosiery merchants," their entire capital was less than £300. How they imagined they were ever likely to launch a successful City venture on such slender resources we do not know.

The brothers' reward

But we do know that the brothers Sief were content to obtain goods on credit from sundry creditors who have never been paid, and it is safe to say that the latter would never have parted with their goods had they been aware of the true state of the "merchants'" finances.

But, as we have explained, that very vital information was not available at Somerset House.

Having started with their slender capital, the optimism of Bernard and David knew no bounds. From the outset Bernard drew £15 a week from the business, and paid his brother just over half that sum.

Had they been earning money in

their undertaking this might have been quite justified, but, though they were trading in goods received on credit, they were steadily losing an average sum of something like £200 a month from the very commencement!

It is not surprising, therefore, that this ambitious pair of brotherly "hosiery merchants" staggered still more deeply into the mire as the months passed.

Their impudence grew with their recklessness, and when Bernard Sief's first child was born he wantonly expended nearly £120 upon a lavish entertainment to celebrate the event!

Crowning cheek

In spite of this amazing record, and notwithstanding the fact that in their inevitable bankruptcy they were only able to produce assets realising 11d. in the pound for their creditors, the brothers remained undaunted.

Mr. Bernard Sief recently crowned his impertinence by applying for his discharge from bankruptcy in

order that he could start trading again with a clean sheet!

We are glad that Mr. Registrar Mellor told Bernard Sief plainly that he had rarely heard a more impudent story of gross, unjustifiable and reckless extravagance, and curtly refused his discharge.

How to stop the game

For five years at least Mr. Bernard Sief will have the stigma of bankruptcy upon him. But is that enough? This case alone constitutes a grave scandal, but it is only one of thousands which take place every year.

Why is nothing done by Parliament to protect honourable and genuine traders from such disasters? Much trouble could be averted if all traders were compelled to file regular audited accounts of their financial position.

A small fee could be charged by the authorities for the privilege of inspection of such returns, and honest traders would willingly pay for information which would undoubtedly save them hundreds of thousands of pounds a year.

"All That Glitters"

A Mock-auction Lesson

THE experience of a stranger to this country at the hands of mock-auction exponents should be carefully considered by any who may feel that the mock-auction menace has been overrated.

This gentleman was importuned outside the premises of B. Julius in the Tottenham Court Road and found himself participating in a spirited auction almost before he realised what was happening.

A splendid-looking pair of prism binoculars was offered, and as there seemed a chance of securing them at a very reasonable price the gentleman foolishly started bidding, with the result that they were knocked down to him.

A sorry story

The fever of bargaining was now upon him and he was unwise enough to linger in the auction-room.

Other articles were "put up" and to cut a sorry story short the stranger found himself involved to the extent of £3 10s., and the unwilling owner of two leather pocket-books, a slave bangle, a wrist-watch and a lady's handbag.

Some people may raise their eyebrows and express surprise at this bidder's unwillingness, and feel that he was obtaining wonderful value for his money.

But the truth is that, once the said articles were in his hands and he had an opportunity of inspecting them closely, the unfortunate bidder received a series of nasty shocks.

In the first place, the lady's handbag, handsome enough at a distance, was sorry trash when viewed at close quarters. The "gold" slave bangle was palpable brass; the rich leather wallets, notwithstanding the optimistic labels which priced them at 7s. 6d. apiece, were paltry in the extreme, while the wrist-watch was equally trumpery.

To crown all, the prism binoculars would not focus, and on placing them to his eyes the bidder's first impression was that he had been stricken with blindness.

A needed reform

In vain he sought to obtain a refund of his cash. After much haggling he arrived at a compromise and left the goods behind him for resale.

Since then much correspondence has been exchanged, but the resale of the goods has not been achieved.

The ultimate result is that the sorry array of bargains has once more been handed to the reluctant bidder.

But this tragico-comedy points a strong moral, and should convince the most hardened doubter that mock-auctions form a menace which should be stamped out.

Fortunately, this has already been realised by the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers, which is promoting a Bill wherein the "mock auction" is clearly defined and made illegal.

We sincerely hope that the day is not far distant when this much-needed Bill will become law.

A DUSKY STATION-MASTER

SIR GALAHADS OF THE GOLD COAST

Meet Mr. Mensah!

THE polite young sons of Africa who delight in writing to "friends" in this country, offering to exchange gifts, are hardy souls. The "Gold Coast dodge" will never die.

Take, for example, the experience of a reader in the Midlands, who has been favoured with a wealth of correspondence from James Victor Brew, the bright young lad whose portrait adorns this page.

"Dear loving friend," wrote James Victor Brew in the initial stages of his correspondence, "I am herewith sending you my photo, which I hope you will be very pleased with it, and send me in return yours."

"I had determined to send you some nice things, but as I have not seen your photo, and something I stopped."

Mr. Brew then politely confided that he had passed the seventh standard and was now employed as station-master at a junction where accidents were frequent.

He casually mentioned that he would be glad if his friend would send him some "fancies" to decorate his room, and promised in return to send a gold badge, which his father, a goldsmith, was making.

Why name was changed

In conclusion, he expressed a desire to continue the correspondence until both should depart "from this troublesome world."

When our reader next heard from the polite young African the latter declared that he was sending a gift of "one monkey skin." Then, with

an appropriate air of mystery, he became very confiding.

"Please owing to too many names 'Brew' in Railway Department I am afraid that, in future, one will does certain wrong, and put the blame on me; therefore I have changed my name 'James Victor Brew' into 'James Mensah.' . . . If you want to send something, send it with 'James Mensah.' I should like you to send me one hand watch and one sweater."

Mr. Mensah, late Brew, was most particular about the hand watch, which he hoped would be sent without fail by return mail boat.

"Last month," he declared ominously, "two railway engines met with each other from opposite directions and killed 74 passengers. Do you think such would happen if the station-master had a watch? No!!! . . . If you like your friend to live long and in peace, then you may send the watch."

Once again Mr. Mensah assured his "friend" that the gold badge would be sent when ready, and concluded with numerous emphatic injunctions concerning the importance of remembering his "new name."

Members of the Mensah-Brew



James Victor Brew

fraternity are notoriously gracious and polite, and many of them specialise in playing upon the susceptibilities of the fair sex.

We recall one ardent young African, named Ernest K. Northey, who recently penned an endearing epistle, full of tender phrases, to a London lady.

A slight mistake

He had evidently obtained his correspondent's name from a "Bullets" prize list, and it is doubtful whether he would have expended so much labour and artistry upon his composition had he been aware that he was addressing as his "dearest correspondent" an elderly married lady!

Occasionally one encounters lady practitioners of the "Gold Coast dodge," and a dusky belle named Miss K. Adorm recently wrote to a "Dear unknown friend," requesting "postcards, newspaper, or hats, or any kind fit for ladies."

She mentioned that she for her part had intended to send some "native curiosities," but had hesitated owing to her uncertainty of her "friend's" address. The fact that this letter was sent to a gentleman in Scotland is testimony to Miss Adorm's optimism!

So prevalent has this form of cadging become that the police authorities on the Gold Coast have drawn up a stock form of cautionary reply, which they send to all enquirers. But, after a perusal of the foregoing facts, our readers will doubtless be able to dispense with "official advice."

OUSTED BY OUTSIDERS

A CALLOUS COUNCIL

Employees Badly Victimised

AT the conclusion of the general strike a manifesto was issued by His Majesty and also by the Prime Minister suggesting that the best way to resume trade prosperity was for employers to let bygones be bygones and to show no vindictiveness towards their workers.

While many employers of labour in Government departments fell in with this suggestion, and exercised a magnanimous spirit, there have been several lamentable exceptions, amongst which we must include the Hackney Borough Council.

A cruel attitude

Following the strike, this council showed a marked reluctance to reinstate certain employees in its Electricity Department. It gradually took a certain number of the men back, but to-day there are some thirty or so employees who have not been reinstated.

These unfortunate men have drifted into various jobs outside the council, but, while they have been fortunate enough to secure alternative

employment, the council's attitude is not in any way extenuated.

It should also be borne in mind that these men have several years' council service to their credit, during which they had contributed to superannuation funds.

Humane proposal

Though they have no strict legal claim to reimbursement on this account, it seems hard that they should derive no benefits at all.

When this point was pressed the General Purposes Committee suggested that the borough treasurer and accountant should be authorised to return these amounts, subject to obtaining the approval of the district auditor.

This resolution was apparently adopted.

As far back as November last the council was asked to agree to appoint a select committee to investigate the claims of these men. This motion was proposed by Councillor H. E. Goodrich and seconded by Councillor the Rev. W. Evans.

An amendment was moved by Councillor T. Chapman, J.P., and seconded by Councillor C. F. Williamson, to the effect that "this council, having been fully informed of the position respecting ex-employees of the Electricity Department, approved the steps taken by the Emergency Committee in filling the positions vacated by these men. This council is satisfied that all men who went on strike have been justly dealt with."

A trying aggravation

A division was called for and the amendment was carried by 34 votes to 13.

So, presumably, the thirty unfortunate men who have not been reinstated must abide by the council's decision that they have been "justly dealt with."

But their grievances are doubly aggravated by the knowledge that their places in the Electricity Department have been filled in many cases by applicants from outside the borough!

BEFORE we all begin to arm for the "inevitable revolution" under the leadership of Mr. Cook, it is necessary to have some assurance that the "brightness of Bolshevism" will be an improvement on the present state of things in Britain

A Torch to Trample On

by the Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

MR. COOK has returned to England "to resume the struggle for the establishment of the Union of Soviet Republics throughout the world, and to light a torch which, like the Red Flag over the Kremlin, will guide us from the blackness of capitalism to the brightness of Communism and Bolshevism."

Some of us have long been aware that things in England are not all they might be, and in our humble way, and not altogether without results, we have been working to make them better. But it will be something of a surprise to the British workers to hear from Mr. Cook that "they are now suffering from a tyranny equal to the overthrown tyranny of Russian Tsarism."

Mr. Cook is not quite certain how the "inevitable revolution" under his leadership will come, but he counts with certainty upon the support of the Army and the police!

So we will assume that the military genius of Mr. Cook and his fellow Communists, with the aid of the armed forces of the Crown, have overcome the resistance of the bourgeoisie, confiscated all property and established the dictatorship of the Soviet International in Britain.

The promised millennium

Then the sun of Bolshevism will shine upon an emancipated proletariat! The declared objects of the revolution are to abolish capitalism and every form of private property and private trade, to distribute among the workers all the rents, profits and other tributes which landlordism and capitalism now extort.

The right to work would be guaranteed, and the obligation to work would be imposed. Poverty in all its forms would disappear. All industrial troubles would be relegated to the black past of capitalism. Above all else, "wage slavery" would disappear and the hired labourer would become as extinct as the chattel slave.

All these things are promised to the British workers for the morrow of Mr. Cook's successful revolution.

But can Mr. Cook deliver the goods? We must not taunt him with his failure to do so on a recent occasion. The Army and the police did not respond, and the craven-hearted trade union leaders proved "traitors to their class"!

In the coming revolution there will be new leaders, incorruptible and courageous, preferably Ugaroff and Tomsy, whom Mr. Cook wishes to borrow for the purpose.

A record of tragedy

What would happen from a revolution in Britain may be tested by what has actually followed from the Bolshevik revolution in Russia; but let it be remembered that, owing to the dependence of Great Britain upon world trade, the consequences here would be infinitely more disastrous.

Russia, in area and in resources, is the greatest country in the world. It has every variety of climate, from the frozen North to the cotton fields of the South. All these resources have been available to the Soviet Republic for nine years.

In addition, the public debts were repudiated, and all the factories, workshops, oilfields, mines and forests were confiscated without compensation. All the capital charges on the appropriated properties were abolished, and, in fact, the Bolsheviks took over the whole country without liabilities.

We will pass over the story of the first five years of the Bolshevik regime. All liberty was ruthlessly

suppressed; thousands of men and women were shot without trial; indescribable torture of mind and body was inflicted; the sufferings from starvation were all but universal.

These things are the inevitable accompaniments of all revolutions. After nine years the condition of the Russian workers is the most backward in Europe.

"Brightness" obscured

Let me give a few facts, taken wholly from official Russian sources, about "the brightness of Bolshevism." Let the British worker contrast his own present condition, bad as it may be, with the present lot of the Russian workers, and let him consider whether it is worth while to follow Mr. Cook through a bloody revolution.

At the Congress of the Soviet Trade Unions held last month in Moscow, the Commissar of Labour reported that there were two million unemployed workers, and that the number was increasing.

The unemployment dole had been raised to 7s. 6d. a week for skilled men and to 5s. a week for unskilled; but, he added, the fund was in a bankrupt state.

The magnitude of these figures of unemployed can be understood when it is pointed out that the total number of persons actually employed in industry and transport is officially given as 1,493,000. Mr. Cook's revolution will not, on Bolshevik precedent, solve our unemployment problem, but will add millions to the number.

The daily wages of the industrial workers in Moscow are given in the new edition of the Soviet Year Book as 107 kopeks—that is, about 2s. 3d. About one-third of the industrial workers are women, and although it is incorporated in the Code of Labour Laws that there must be equal pay for equal work, the Official Year Book says this is by no means the practice. Their wages are about 71 per cent. of the wages of men.

Startling facts

The economic conditions of the Russian mine-workers are interesting. Official publications show that in 1924 the miners' wages averaged 49s. a month, compared with 83s. 6d. in 1913, and the cost of living was 107 per cent. higher than in 1913. The new Official Year Book states that at the end of 1925 the miners' wages were only 67 per cent. of the wages of 1913.

The Commissar of Labour has reported that deplorable conditions exist in the Russian mines; that 37 per cent. of the lamps do not conform to the necessary conditions; that 42 per cent. of the mines are inadequately ventilated; that there is no proper inspection, and that many of the miners are undergoing a process of slow poisoning. The underground workers put in from eight to nine hours a day.

The wages of the Russian workers must be considered in relation to the cost of living. The official figures admit that for 1925 it was 102 per cent. above 1913. In that year, a peasant could buy a pair of boots for 36 lb. of grain. To-day he has to pay £5. He can no longer exchange grain for boots.

Much is made in Bolshevik propaganda about the social services, model villages, sanatoria, rest houses, and free education. A few samples of these things are kept on hand to show the personally conducted British tourists, who afterwards sign reports drawn up by Soviet agents.

A report by the International Labour Office on



The Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, M.P., ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer

conditions in Russia tells of the terrible housing conditions, and of "occupants in constant fear of eviction, deprived of the ownership of their furniture, forced to take in outsiders."

Pravda, the official Soviet journal, states that "very often a whole family lie ill in their miserable home made out of a railway truck." "Living conditions," it declares, "are crowded, cold, dear and filthy."

What a prospect!

The streets of Moscow are infested with child beggars. Madame Lenin recently made an appeal to the Soviet Government to deal with this scandal. The lowest estimate I have seen of these homeless orphans puts the figure at 300,000.

The Bolsheviks, after nine years, with no capital charges on the confiscated property, have not raised the production to pre-war volume. The area under grain is still 8 per cent. below 1913, and the production is 850,000,000 poods less.

Calculated in the same values, according to the Soviet Year Book, the total of imports into Russia is only one-fourth the amount of 1913, and exports are only one-fifth. In the ten years before 1912 both imports and exports increased by 50 per cent.

If Mr. Cook's revolution follows the Bolshevik precedent in the matter of foreign trade, at the end of nine years we shall have recovered one-fifth of our present export trade, after years in which it had been wholly destroyed.

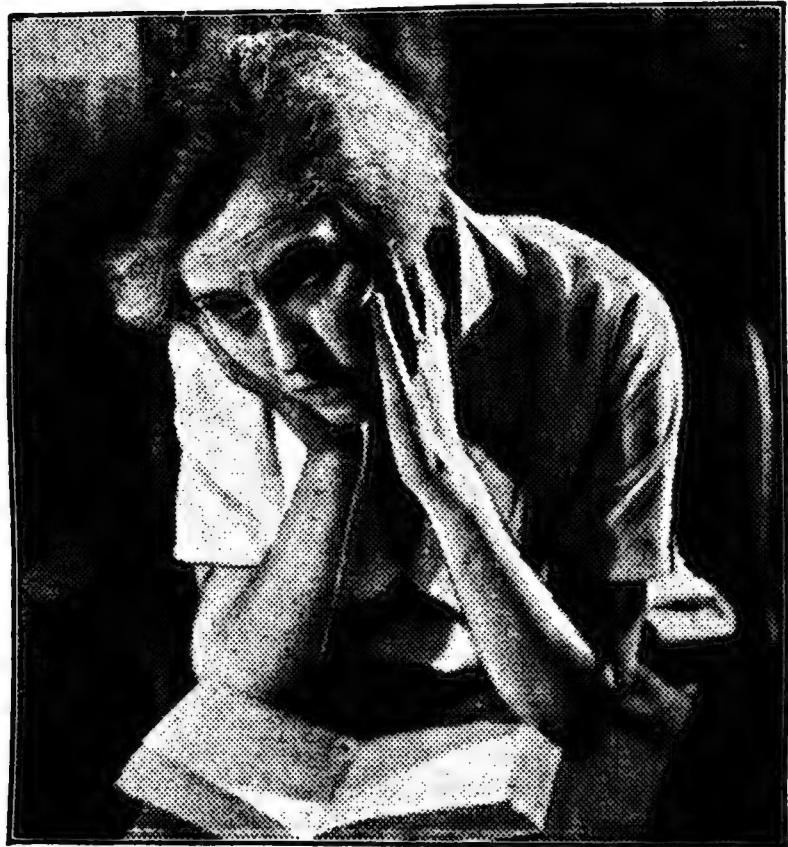
The richer peasants have entrenched themselves as landowners, and there is a large landless class who hire themselves out as "wage slaves." The Soviet Year Book says there are over a million of these "hired labourers" working on the land.

A striking admission

In 1922 the failure of Bolshevism was admitted by Lenin, and he inaugurated the new economic policy. Foreign capitalists were invited to come to Russia to work big commercial concessions. There were ninety-two such concessions, worked by foreign capitalists, operative in 1926.

The Bolshevik revolution has signally failed to establish a single one of its economic aims. There is far more of Socialism in England than there ever has been in Russia.

Revolution is not the way of progress. It has always been the instrument of reaction. The "brightness of Bolshevism" is a will-o'-the-wisp which leads only into a treacherous bog.



When youth prepares to say "Farewell"



You can feel young at sixty;
you can look old at thirty. You
cannot stem the advance of
time, but you can retain your
youthful spirits right into
middle life.

Wincarnis cheers, animates and strengthens all
who wish for cheerfulness and youthfulness.
Wincarnis is for all who will not grow old.

Wincarnis consists of three vital, stimulating
forces—the juice of the grape, concentrated ex-
tract of beef, the tissue building powers of malt,
scientifically blended to do you good. Trust
Wincarnis!

13th August, 1926.

A doctor says:—"I usually prescribe Wincarnis
"for my adult patients whenever a tonic is indi-
"cated, and in most cases it has met with prompt
"success. Its constituents make it the most efficient
"strength-reviving agent I have met in a long course
"of medical practice." (Signed)—M.B., B.Ch.



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The GOOD Tonic Wine

Large Size 5/-

From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Licensed Chemists

Medium Size 3/-

CLOSING

IN A FEW WEEKS



Blind Childrens Ballot

in aid of the
ELLEN TERRY NATIONAL HOMES
FOR BLIND DEFECTIVE CHILDREN

£10000 for 1/-

(OVER 90 OTHER MONEY PRIZES)

PRIZES

1st PRIZE £1,000

2nd " - - £500

3rd " - - £100

4th " - - £50

20 PRIZES of - - £10

20 " " - - £5

50 " " - - £1

The Prize Money has been deposited with the
Bankers of the Fund.

100% of the
profits of this
Ballot are
being handed
over to the
Ellen Terry
National
Homes.

SEND
IN
YOUR
BOOKS

Tickets 1/- each

or Book of 12 Tickets to sell to your friends 10/-

This Ballot has been organised on behalf of the Ellen Terry
National Homes for Blind Defective Children, and funds are
urgently needed. The greatest appeal to charity to-day is on
behalf of the Blind, but when it comes to Blind Defective
Children the appeal becomes of far greater urgency.

The Manager,

BLIND CHILDREN'S BALLOT.

21, Corner Buildings, 47, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

Under the auspices of the Braille League and "Servers of the Blind" League.
Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920.

Candid Communications

*Outspoken Messages to Celebrities,
Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities*

To President CALVIN COOLIDGE,
Massasoit Street, Northampton, Mass.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—I am happy to see that by sure, if slow, degrees you are ranging yourself definitely on the side of peace. "Nations," you say, "rejoice that they have the courage to fight each other. When will they have the courage to trust each other?" These are noble words, but fine phrases have misled us before now. Is yours a serious bid for the moral leadership of democracy?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.,
Upper Froggnal Lodge, Froggnal, N.W.

DEAR MR. MACDONALD,—I am afraid there is no escaping your conclusion that the workers' heavy sacrifices in 1926 were "for naught and less than naught." It is no use blaming individuals. The root of Labour's misfortunes is the absence of vision and plan. They are marching they know not where. It is a pitiful tragedy.

JOHN BULL.

To the COUNTESS of WARWICK,
Easton Lodge, Dunmow, Essex.

MADAME,—Your handsome offer of your residence for use as a working people's college has failed through the short-sighted folly of the Trade Union Congress, which declines to find the relatively small sum needed to equip and furnish it. It is a thousand pities. Indeed, the action of the congress is the best possible proof of the need you have so generously endeavoured to supply.

JOHN BULL.

To the LORD MAYOR, SHERIFF and JUSTICES,
Hull.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I like the spirit that prompted you to go to the jail on New Year's Day and exchange greetings with the prisoners in the cells. A good wish does no man any harm. On the contrary, it may do him a great deal of good. In fact, I think it not improbable that many cell occupants are where they are just for a lack of a kind word or two and a helping hand on the difficult road of life. May your handshakes and good wishes be justified.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. R. A. LYSTER,
Medical Officer of Health, Hampshire.

DEAR SIR,—I trust you will at once place your plea for better cloak-room accommodation in schools before the proper authorities. It is revolting that in the present day it should be possible for verminous conditions to spread owing to lack of this nature. If local committees do not rise to their responsibilities then the Ministry of Education must step in and teach them their duty.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. ANDREW S. McNEIL,
Liverpool.

DEAR SIR,—Describing yourself as an "average medical man," you declare that there is far too much vivisection. You agree that the time has come to strictly limit all such experiments and that vivisection on dogs should be absolutely prohibited. I entirely concur in this opinion. The more medical men range themselves on the side of the humanities the sooner may we expect drastic legislation on the subject.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. A. APPLEYARD,
Ministry of Agriculture Research Station, Campden.

DEAR SIR,—You are to be congratulated upon evolving in your laboratories the new natural process of preservation which will retain the bright green colour of tinned and bottled peas. This is of great commercial value in view of the terrific overseas competition in the canning industry. With a revival of agriculture there is no reason why such industry should not make headway in this country.

JOHN BULL.

To Admiral CLAUDE EDWARD BUCKLE,
Red House, Raithby.

DEAR SIR,—You are the fifth member of your family to attain the rank of admiral, and it is to be doubted if any other can match this proud record. You are in your eighty-eighth year, and have just celebrated your diamond wedding. You took part in the landing of the British troops in the Crimea, and as captain you won the medal of the Royal Humane Society by springing overboard and saving the life of a man. I wish you and your lady continued good health and many more days, for such splendid old couples are rare.

JOHN BULL.

To Canon F. L. DONALDSON, M.A.,
Little Cloisters, Westminster Abbey.

REV. SIR,—Your rebuke to the pitiable popular appeal to "time" is opportune. "Time" of itself will do nothing or heal anything. No "New Year" can bring peace, relieve the poor, clothe the naked, abolish unemployment or redress social wrongs. That can only be done by patient research into ways and means and the united will to work hard and carry out our findings. For myself, I welcome the "New Year" not because in itself it is anything, but because it gives us another opportunity to translate faith into works.

JOHN BULL.

To Alderman Sir PERCIVAL BOWER,
Ex-Lord Mayor, Birmingham.

DEAR SIR,—You are a shining example of the spirit that wins through and by its persistence overcomes all difficulties. Facing the world as an orphan at the age of eleven, you sold newspapers in the street, later worked on a farm, and later still got yourself apprenticed to an engineer and blacksmith. From thence progress was rapid. From serving your comrades you advanced to serve the town, and as Lord Mayor of Birmingham found yourself supported even by your political opponents. If nothing else, you show the world that it is possible for a poor man to get on and make his way.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss FAITHFULL, C.B.E.,
Formerly Principal Cheltenham Ladies' College.

DEAR MADAM,—You have struck a wholesome note in declaring that many girls' boarding-schools are far too sumptuous. Richly carpeted rooms, easy chairs, and lessons in manicuring and hair-dressing are no fit preparation for the budding woman who has to take her place in the world of to-morrow. What the country needs is women with a broad outlook on life and a grasp of its problems. Girls whose sole preoccupation is dolling up and dancing won't find much of a place in the future.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. ERNEST RAYMOND,
Litchfield Street, Charing Cross Road, W.C.

DEAR SIR,—When you saw a crowd collected in your neighbourhood you discovered a poor man in a fit. His shirtless, half-starved condition betrayed the reason. He had been standing in a queue waiting for a chance engagement as a sandwich-board carrier and hunger caused his collapse. While waiting for the ambulance, Sergt. No. 13, C Division, Metropolitan Police, stooped down and slipped 5s. in the poor chap's pocket. That, I fully agree with you, was practising without preaching Christianity.

JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD:—"We cannot keep incompetent leaders."

But we do, and that is the root cause of all our industrial upheavals.

CANON MCCORMICK:—"People are religious at heart but won't have anything to do with organised religion."

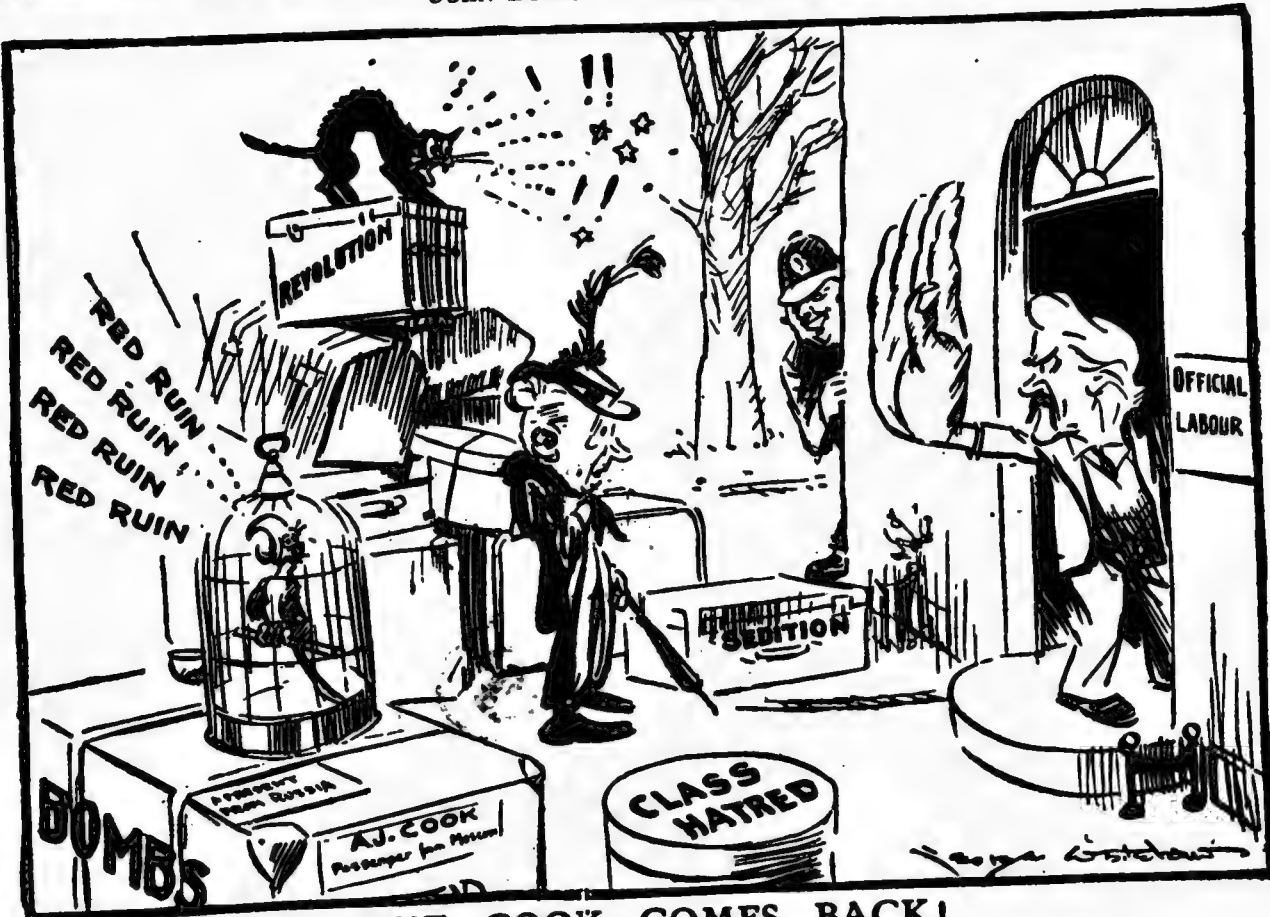
For which the blame must be put on the organisers' exposition of their religion.

DR. REGINALD MILLER:—"Rheumatism is practically unknown in private schools."

What a damning indictment of poverty in relation to the country's children!

DR. R. A. LYSTER:—"Many of the ill-effects we commonly attribute to bad housing are really due to poverty."

Now where on earth is the difference?



THE COOK COMES BACK!



Two months ago I was a nervous wreck — sleepless — depressed — dull — listless.

To-day happy, healthy, cheerful — certain of a good night's sleep.

Glax-ovo did it. Glax-ovo, the only food-drink with the magic Vitamin Concentrate skilfully blended with milk, malt extract and chocolate — making a great nerve tonic.

A big creamy, delicious cup at bedtime and a long night's sleep is assured.

Glax-ovo, made in an instant — just add hot water. No milk, no sugar, no fuss. Get it to-day and sleep to-night.

GLAX-OVO

"Every Drop Sheer Nourishment"

Sold in sealed tins by all chemists at 1/6, 3/3 and 6/-. The 6/- tin contains 5 times the quantity of the 1/6 tin. No milk needed.

Try a 3d. cup at any A.B.C., or Slater's, or other restaurants.

2 cupfuls
free!



Get a FREE TIN and Book ("Vitamins & What They Mean to You") by writing your name and address here and sending the voucher, with 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, to Dept. A36, Glax-ovo, 56, Osnaburgh Street, London, N.W.1

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Address

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PER MINUTE



To ensure that fine texture At 4,000 revolutions a minute a high speed centrifugal mill whisks the already finely milled Gibbs Shaving Cream into even finer texture. This is another example of the care taken to ensure that Gibbs Shaving Cream gives you the smoothest, cleanest shave you've ever had. There is delicious Cold Cream milled into Gibbs Shaving Cream which acts as a lotion on the face, leaving it soothed and comforted, as if newly massaged with cold cream.



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Send now for generous trial Tube of Gibbs Shaving Cream and Trial Stick of Gibbs Cold Cream Shaving Soap. The stick is made with the same care, to give the same delightful results as the Shaving Cream. Just send name and address with 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing to:
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SHAVING CREAM
The Cream of Shaves

In Tubes 1/- and 1/6
British made

Orange Time is Health Time.



All children like fruit—let them have plenty of it. Fruit purifies the blood and keeps the system clear and strong to meet all winter ailments. There is good health in fruit—in Apples, Pears and the ORANGES which are now well in season. The acids and salts in fine fresh fruit are most essential to good health—especially in children. Now is the time to

Eat More Oranges AND KEEP AWAY 'FLU'

£200 IN PRIZES. FIRST PRIZE £50.

With a number of other valuable Prizes. For children under 17 years of age.

Ask your Fruiterer for the Eat More Fruit A.B.C. Book, with Entry Form for the A.B.C. COMPETITION. If unable to obtain send us 2d. in stamps and we will forward the Book and Entry Form. Issued by the Fruit Trades' Federations, Advertisement Department, 10-13, New Bridge Street, London, E.C. 4.

Without Fear or Favour—

LORD USELESS PERCY!

Advertise! Advertise!

MR. J. MURRAY ALLISON, one of the chief publicity experts in this country, makes in the *Spectator* a sound suggestion to the League of Nations.

The League of Nations, urges Mr. Allison, is not well enough known. The most that the great mass of the people understand is that the League is a "sort of" organisation of all the nations to prevent war.

But how? How many people, for instance, could answer correctly the briefest catechism as to its activities? What brought about the League? Who brought it about? What is its constitution? What is its scope and power? What has it so far accomplished?

Only the vaguest information exists among the mass of the people in regard to any of these facts. And the reason is simple. The people are not told.

The daily newspapers, unless some crisis threatens, or someone is to receive a knighthood, do not devote any considerable space to it. No merchant of lesser goods would be content with such feeble publicity as this.

Yet, here in the League of Nations we have the biggest thing ever brought into being for the people's good, and the people are told next to nothing about it.

It would cost round about £2,000,000 to tell the world—not only the British Empire—all there is to know about the League of Nations. Such a sum is less than one-third of 1 per cent. of the amount now expended annually by the nations on armaments, a tenth of the cost of only one day of the late war!

Tell the story, drive it home, get people of the world behind the League to back it up. For, mark our words, if there ever comes another great war, there will be no world worth having left to tell.

Don't Be Poor

THE findings and conclusions of Dr. Reginald Miller in regard to the spread of rheumatic heart disease must receive immediate attention from the Ministry of Health.

Not long ago it was estimated that fifty thousand of our children suffered from rheumatism, and that ten thousand of these cases were in London.

"It is quite clear that we are face to face with one of the great killing and disabling diseases," says Dr. Miller.

When the conscripts of 1918 were called up, twenty-two per thousand of the eighteen-year-old recruits were suffering from rheumatic heart disease. In England and Wales there are thirty thousand deaths each year from the same cause.

Curiously, rheumatic disease of the heart is not a rural trouble, nor is it produced by living in a slum. But it is produced by poverty.

It is a disease of the towns, and found almost exclusively in industrial centres. Rheumatism is not prevalent in residential districts and in private schools is practically unknown.

That is why we say, on behalf of the poor, that a scientific investigation into causes and possibilities of prevention must be undertaken by the Government without delay.

LEAPING BEFORE HE LOOKS

THE better educated a nation's children the more efficient will that nation be when those children grow to manhood. Our Minister of Education appears to think otherwise. There is no other explanation for his extraordinary attitude

AFTER three years' active enquiry a report on "The Education of the Adolescent" has just been produced, which suggests, among other things, that "legislation should be passed fixing the age of fifteen years as that up to which attendance will become obligatory after the lapse of five years from the date of this report."

We should have thought that at this time of day there was no one in the country who was not fully cognisant of the urgent problem raised by the flood of half-educated children who yearly pour out of our elementary schools into a labour market which to an alarming extent fails to absorb them.

We should have thought that any proposal formulated after conscientious and painstaking enquiry, that had as its object the better management of the nation's children, and therefore the better management of the nation's life, would have received the most earnest consideration.

We did, in fact, think this. We were wrong. There is one man at any rate to whom this proposal is rather worse than a piece of nonsense, and who is so staggered at the bare idea of tackling a serious economic problem on common-sense lines that he hastened to reject it before he had even bothered to study the evidence on which the idea was based.

And of all men in the world he is the President of the Board of Education, Lord Eustace Percy.

Hardly was the printer's ink dry on this report when he hastened to write to the chairman of the committee who issued it, saying, "I have not yet had time to study the report . . . but there is one recommendation on which it seems desirable that I should say something at once, in order to prevent any possibility of administrative confusion."

INCREDIBLE though it may seem, the one proposal which he has hastened to damn out of hand, before on his own confession he has even troubled to study the evidence, is the eminently sensible proposal to raise the school-leaving age in five years' time to fifteen.

Such an attitude on the part of a responsible Minister of the Crown is not merely unstatesmanlike, it is positively frivolous.

It is quite on a par with this gentleman's previous essay in make-believe statesmanship, when he calmly announced that, as so much public money had been expended in feeding the necessitous children of the miners during the coal stoppage, there would, of course, not be nearly so much money for their education as there might otherwise have been.

It is difficult to treat Lord Eustace Percy as a serious Minister, or to regard his words as anything but the off-hand remarks of a will-of-the-wisp mind.

WHERE on earth is the sense of wasting public money on the collecting of expert evidence if, on the very day that evidence is published, before even the man has read it whose responsibility it is to read and weigh it with the greatest care, he says bluntly that no matter what this evidence is it is in no circumstances going to affect his policy?

He has, of course, a precedent in his own Prime Minister, who at colossal expense caused the Coal Commission Report to be produced, and then calmly put it in the waste-paper basket. But while that may be an alibi it is certainly not an excuse.

Since education deals with children, and since the duty of the President of the Board of Education is to do anything and everything in his power to perfect our educational machinery, we regard it as nothing less than a grave dereliction of public duty for him to reject contemptuously the most sane and far-reaching proposal for enhancing the value of the nation's children to the nation that has been put forward within recent years.

There is one comforting thought in all this. In something like twelve months at the outside Lord Eustace Percy will no longer be the Minister of Education.



The Rt. Hon. Lord Eustace Percy, M.P., President of the Board of Education. To his mind, apparently, his chief function is to see that no progressive improvement is made in his department. In any case, it is surely the duty of a Minister to weigh evidence before giving a decision?

Death in the Pits

CECIL HAYNES, a miner, was killed in a shot-firing explosion at Cambois Colliery, in Northumberland. James Fleming was caught by a haulage wheel at Ormiston Colliery, East Lothian, and died at once.

Such items of news, reported daily, are almost accepted as a commonplace. We must rouse ourselves from this apathy. It is against humanity, and at variance with common-sense.

Mr. J. R. Felton, mines inspector in charge of the North Midland Division, in his latest report records no fewer than fifty-nine fatalities from falls of roof and side, and asks, "Are we satisfied that this death-roll shall continue year after year as a regrettable necessity?"

We, at any rate, are not satisfied. We are profoundly stirred that the Secretary for Mines is able to report that, during 1925, 1,136 persons lost their lives while coal-mining and 177,347 were injured.

We would that the community, whose comfort and commercial prosperity rests upon these men in their underground toil, could see the penalty they pay in death and mutilation. Presented in one long spectacular procession it would arouse indignation and stir to action.

Nothing can make coalmining absolutely safe, but the more inevitable the peril the stronger is the obligation on the community to insist that at least the miner shall not be subjected to unnecessary peril. There are many ways in which legislation could be improved. Regulations as to naked lights, pit props, and haulage all could be strengthened.

When life is reckoned as of more importance than dividends more and better machinery will be introduced.

A Government always moves when public opinion is strong enough. If it does not move after such a report as this, we can only conclude that it is indifferent as to the miner's fate.



Mr. Ernest Bevin, Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union

MR. ERNEST BEVIN, the Dockers' K.C., has, I am afraid, been talking some sad nonsense. "There can be no organised industrial truce," he says. "No leader can tie his men for five years nor give any such pledge."

And he went on to say that, after six months' reflection, he still thought that the trade unions were right in precipitating the general strike.

He is, at any rate, not alone in his views, for I see that Mr. James Maxton, M.P., has gone even further than this and said that the national strike had not been a failure. The workers, said he, were justified in adopting all methods to overthrow the existing system of society.

A distressful parallel

Seeing that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald recently said that the general strike had produced "Naught and less than naught," I suppose all we can do is to leave these inharmonious Socialist twins to fight it out between themselves.

The worst of being inside a "movement" is that the movement appears to be paramount, and the country and even the world itself begin to look to the devotee as though it were quite a subsidiary little affair.

Mr. Bevin and Mr. Maxton are very much in the "movement," one on its industrial side and the other on its political side. So much are they in it, so full are their minds of the extraordinary loyalty, discipline, courage and endurance displayed by the masses of misled trade unionists, that the wider areas of vision have passed them by.

Mr. MacDonald has, at least, been the Prime Minister of England, and therefore presumably his mind is capable of ranging over wider fields, that he can see, as any outside observer has seen, that the only adequate parallel in recent years to the general strike was the devastating display on the Russian front during the war, when millions of unarmed and desperate Russian troops were driven on to the guns and bayonets of the well-equipped and disciplined German forces.

An extraordinary position

The result of that was the complete collapse of Russia, just as the result of similar tactics here at home was the complete, if temporary, collapse of the British trade unions.

On the whole, I think Mr. Maxton's point of view interests me more than Mr. Bevin's, although it is deplorable that a prominent trade union leader should not even discuss the possibility of introducing a little sanity into industrial affairs.

It is deplorable that he should not even think it a thinkable thought that for three, four or five

Two Kings of Chaos

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

PEOPLE who say that peace in industry is impossible are people who do not want peace in industry. It is significant that the opponents of an industrial truce are nearly always Labour leaders with jobs to lose

years men and masters should agree to work together instead of working against each other; and that he should contemptuously dismiss the only sensible idea that has been put forward in recent years as "impossible."

Mr. Maxton interests me because it is an astonishing thing how this delusion of a "system" can persist in a well-equipped mind.

What system is it that Mr. Maxton thinks the workers should overthrow? What system is there to be seen, for instance, in the coal industry?

Surely the whole grievance of both the miners and the Coal Commission is that there is no system whatever. But that, I suppose, is the trouble of being absorbed in a "movement." One has got to be "anti," and one cannot very well be consistently "anti" unless one first of all erects something which one can be against.

Therefore, Mr. Maxton and his fellows have got to invent a capitalist system so that they can spend their time inveighing against it.

Mess and muddle

In reality the whole thing is a deplorable mess. There is neither system nor organisation, neither commonsense nor business ability in the way the raw products of industry, which are in the hands of these supposed supermen controlling the Empire-wide stream, are first of all over-produced and then restricted. If they are running a system they are running it abominably.

When, for instance, tea is being sold freely at a price well within the reach of everyone they suddenly make up their minds that tea is being over-produced. They then proceed to restrict the tea crop, so that the scarcity of tea shall force up the price and when people cannot afford to buy tea, they sit down and say that trade is bad and they cannot understand it at all! In due course the restriction is taken off the tea crop, and once more prices fall and people buy tea.

They do this with copper; they do it with rubber; they do it with nearly every commodity essential to the life of the nation.

But no one could call this a "system." It is sheer incompetent muddle and intolerable mess.

Times change and new methods must be adopted. If Britain keeps in the rut her industrial outlook will remain black indeed

A MAN has a grocer's shop, the profits from which bring him in £5 a week. Two of his children earn wages amounting to another £3 a week, but as he has in addition a nice little sum of money invested bringing him in another £5 a week, there is a total family income of £13 per week.



Mr. A. Emil Davies

Friday night to Monday morning, our foreign trade, and payments from abroad for shipping,

This enables him to maintain his family very comfortably, with even a small surplus at the end of the year for additional investment. Such was the position of Britain, taken as a whole, in the year 1914.

In spite of the fact that we produce out of our own soil only as much food as keeps us from

Now, I would venture to say that nobody knows this sort of thing better than Mr. Bevin, who is an encyclopædia of industrial facts and figures.

I would venture to say, further, that Mr. Bevin knows quite well what are the results of this muddle and mess on the workers, and could tell me even better than I could tell him how this absurd method of running business by men who are supposed to be business men results in periodical unemployment and distress.

An ominous outlook

It affects the workers just as much as the canny methods, which have been adopted by the trade unions—admittedly, in many cases in sheer self-defence—affect the employer.

When Mr. Bevin says, however, that there can be "no organised industrial truce," he is, I think, merely looking at one side of the picture.

Surely, nothing could be more useful than for Mr. Bevin and his friends to get round a table with the tea growers, the cotton planters, and the other industrial magnates who so clearly need a little advice on how to run their business, and by discussing ways and means, see if some way out of this muddle could not be found.

For, unless we have an industrial truce, or something very like it, in the near future, the words of Mr. Winston Churchill in a recent speech may come only too painfully true.

"Here we are," he said, "45 millions in this small island, that can only support from its own resources one half of that number. We cannot afford to tear ourselves to pieces. We cannot afford disastrous internecine wars."

"We have managed to survive so far, but, unless all classes and parties seriously recognise how we stand, and the far distant means by which our daily bread is brought to us, undoubtedly misfortune of an indescribable character will come upon the community."

If the industrial labour movement takes people like Mr. Bevin seriously, I am afraid it is not only they who will find the future holds "naught and less than naught."

Tired Tim

insurance and financial services, plus dividends on British investments abroad, enabled us to make both ends meet and have a surplus for further investment in the Dominions and foreign countries.

Then came the great catastrophe, and our imaginary shopkeeper (the nation) finds himself in a position where customers have less to spend, where there is less trade, and competition is acute.

TWO competitors in particular are gaining ground and these, strangely enough, represent extremes, one having been enriched by the war, and the other impoverished. I refer, of course, to the United States and Germany.

The United States, paying high wages, nevertheless cheapens the process of manufacture by reducing the number of varieties of articles in common use. Types of glass bottles have been reduced from 210 to twenty, collars from 150 to twenty-five, pocket knives from 1,500 to 300, and so on.

In Germany, not only has this simplification been carried out, but the leaders of industry have realised that if their country was to pull through, a real big effort would have to be made.

A Sinister Press Magnate

by A. G. GARDINER

BRITAIN'S bitterest opponent in the United States has been William Randolph Hearst, the newspaper magnate. He is now agitating for an Anglo-Saxon alliance as a weapon to smash the League of Nations. He was less dangerous as an enemy than he is as a friend

MR. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST is not a person from whom we English are accustomed to look for bouquets. To be quite frank, we have had reason in the past to regard him as extremely unfriendly.

I have had my own experiences of his hostility to us, and he will not need to be reminded by me of a peculiarly venomous article which he wrote some years ago in reply to one I had written on the subject of Anglo-American friendship.

He attacked with fury the suggestion that Americans could be on terms of amity with England and gave a fearsome (and illiterate) catalogue of wickednesses of which we had been guilty—and which provided reasons why Americans could now regard us with anything but antagonism, if not hatred.

Nor can I forget the torrents of abuse which his newspapers have poured out on this country for years, or the space which he has given to the gross slanders of England perpetrated by the most poisonous type of Irish-American.

I have never understood the motive of this Anglophobia, for Mr. Hearst has always been well treated in this country. He has a residence here, his wife is a great social favourite here, and he has won important journalistic successes here in the magazine world.

A blast the other way

But whatever the cause, the fact remains that he has for years been the most powerful and persistent enemy of this country in the United States.

He is powerful in the sense that Northcliffe was powerful here—through the possession of a great chain of popular papers by means of which he reaches the lower strata of American opinion from New York to San Francisco.

It is necessary to recall these facts in view of Mr. Hearst's sudden discovery that what the world wants is an understanding among the English-speaking peoples. He has set all his enormous engine of publicity preaching a pacific and defensive alliance among the Anglo-Saxon

nations, America, England, Canada, Australia, and the rest.

With the ostensible object of such a crusade no sensible Englishman would be in disagreement. A good understanding between England and America is the most urgent need of the world to-day. For more than a hundred years their relations, though often strained, have been unbroken and the Rush-Bagot agreement of 1815 still stands as the greatest achievement of pacific international statesmanship in history.

By that agreement the frontiers of Canada and the United States have been unarmed for more than a century. There is not a ship of war on the Great Lakes. There is not a fort or a gun or a sentry on the whole four thousand miles of frontier that stretches from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Pacific coast.

The sting in the olive branch

The records of peace contain no other such victory over the war spirit, and the consolidation and extension of that victory should be the purpose of statesmanship on both sides of the Atlantic.

But when we come to examine the proposals of Mr. Hearst, we find that he is less concerned about an Anglo-American understanding than he is about killing the League of Nations. He assails that great institution with unbridled and ignorant venom, and he sets up his Anglo-Saxon agreement as an instrument for giving the League the "happy despatch."

His modest proposal is that we should throw over the League and all the attempts to build up a peaceful and reconciled Europe, and establish an Anglo-Saxon domination of the world.

To this scheme we must say, promptly and firmly, "Nothing doing."

In the first place, does Mr. Hearst think that the rest of the world—Slav, Teuton, Latin, Oriental—would settle down comfortably under an Anglo-Saxon dominion of the world?

What would become of Locarno and all the texture of friendly relationships which has been



William Randolph Hearst, the American Press Boss, whose anti-British activities were a feature of the Great War

woven around that agreement? An Anglo-Saxon federation would throw all the nations of Europe in hostility to us and would lead to a counter federation of all the races left outside our charmed circle, in Europe, in Asia, in South America.

And, in the next place, why should we throw over the League of Nations at the invitation of so uncertain a gentleman as Mr. Hearst? It is true that the League of Nations has not yet achieved all that we hoped from it. But whose fault is that? Whose but America's?

Millions blush for it

I do not wish to say any word that will irritate feelings in America; but is not the relative failure of the League of Nations due to the fact that that country, whose President was the author of the League, deserted it at the moment of its birth and left it to live or die, careless of what happened to Europe?

I do not think there is any incident in the history of any great nation more indefensible than that, and I know there are millions of Americans who will never be happy while that blot rests upon the page of American history.

If America had stood by its President's bond and thrown in its lot with the League, this story of these tragic post-war years would never have been written, and the face of the world would have been vastly different from what it is to-day.

But the League has not failed, and is not going to fail. It has survived the desertion of the United States, and it will survive the ignorant gibes of Mr. Hearst. If its only achievement had been the bringing together of France and Germany under the friendly umbrella of this country, its success would have been established.

But it has done a hundred other things hardly less praiseworthy, and it is slowly building up in Europe a spirit of accommodation and conciliation.

Not this Moses!

No, Mr. Hearst. We cannot desert Europe, and we cannot stab the League of Nations in the back. This does not mean that we cannot cultivate a good understanding with America. It does not mean that we cannot make a treaty with America. But it must be a treaty that is not hostile to the League. It must be a treaty that comes within the covenant of the League, whether America remains outside that covenant or not.

We are not out to establish an Anglo-Saxon dictatorship of the world. And if we were, we should not choose Mr. Hearst for our Moses.

Emporium

by A. EMIL DAVIES, L.C.C.

They realised that the first essential of successful industry is to run the most efficient works at full capacity. That is to say, if there are a hundred firms turning out the same article, and one can do it at 8s., while it costs others 10s., 12s. or more, it pays the nation and increases its competitive power for the most efficient works to run at full capacity—to concentrate upon the most efficient works and shut down the inefficient ones.

BUT you cannot do this if you have a hundred different proprietors, each naturally looking after his own individual interests. So the first step was to amalgamate numerous concerns in the same line and to place their management in the hands of a few men who could decide without fear or favour which works were to be closed down, and on which manufacture was to be concentrated.

The mere fact of amalgamation does not necessarily mean improved efficiency, and Germany's efforts are not limited to this. Various undertakings in the same line are co-operating to secure joint buying of materials and joint selling of products.

While the Germans are going in for this scientific

rationalisation (as they call it) of industry, our so-called leaders of industry concentrate upon reducing wages and, incidentally, smashing certain labour organisations which are distasteful to them.

IN Berlin the other day I asked a German industrial magnate what was their attitude towards the chemical combine now being formed by the amalgamation of Nobels, Brunner Monds, United Alkali and British Dyestuffs.

He replied that they welcomed it, for it was only with concerns of this nature that agreements could be made to prevent overlapping and unnecessary competition in the world markets.

He said that nothing could be done in that direction with the British coal, iron and steel industry, which he regarded as hopeless unless it becomes so organised that half a dozen men can say "These inefficient works are to be closed down, these others enlarged," and so on.

New conditions call for new men, and unless people with a more modern outlook get into control, the industrial and trade outlook for this country must make every patriotic citizen unhappy.

THE BASTILLE OF BRIXTON

by CHARLES PILLEY

TO send a man or woman to prison for owing ten shillings to the State is imprisonment for debt in its most inhuman form. We have not advanced so far as we sometimes think we have, in this direction at any rate

THE principle that no man or woman should be sent to jail unless he or she has done something seriously wrong commands universal assent to-day.

Until 1869 imprisonment for debt was the law of the land. The creditor who could not get his money was at liberty to seize the person of the defaulter, the barest legal formality being sufficient to secure his committal to jail for an indefinite term.

In that year, however, the Debtors Act formally abolished this outrageous system. No man, simply because he owed money which he could not pay, was to eat the bread of shame.

A colossal sham

Few who rejoiced, as all decent people did, at the passage of this humane measure, nearly sixty years ago, can have anticipated that in many directions it would prove a colossal sham, and that in 1927 imprisonment for debt would be increasingly rife in Great Britain.

Yet the official facts and figures available leave no loophole of escape from this damning conclusion.

The latest published Report of the Prison Commissioners of the United Kingdom, reviewing the year ending April, 1925, deals with this matter with clearness and candour.

In this twelvemonth 2,145 persons were committed to prison for varying periods for no other offence than their failure to satisfy county court judgments. This figure shows a heavy increase on the year 1923-24, when the total was 1,726.

As the jurisdiction of the county courts is limited to £100, none of those unpaid debts can have exceeded this amount, most of them being for much smaller sums.

In fairness to the county court judges, it should be said that they are extremely loth to send debtors to prison, but they are bound to administer the moth-eaten Debtors Act as long as it remains on the Statute Book.

National hypocrisy

In doing away, theoretically, with imprisonment for debt, the Act of 1869 made an exception of the "recalcitrant" debtor. What is the definition of recalcitrance? What constitutes dishonesty within the meaning of the Debtors Act?

Obviously, no man in his senses, except very rarely where some question of "principle" is involved, will willingly go to prison rather than part with a few pounds. Yet judges invariably require "proof of means" before signing a jail-warrant. What is the explanation of the apparent mystery?

The "means" the debtors are credited with possessing amount, in most instances, to only a bare subsistence for themselves and their families, and, rightly or wrongly, they have declined, or neglected, to

tion is infinitely worse. The little finger of the State is thicker than the private creditor's loins.

To begin with, there is this all-important distinction. For the non-payment of rates and taxes, the absence of visible means is no legal excuse. The half-hearted Debtors Act does not even pretend to protect these hapless defaulters, and every quarter hundreds of humble tenants are sent to prison.

The penalty of poverty

The Prison Commissioners' Report puts the number of rate defaulters imprisoned during the year ending April, 1925, at 1,871. It is as plain as anything well can be that the great majority, if not the whole, of these unfortunates, would have paid if they could, and that their punishment, therefore, was the direct penalty not of dishonesty but of poverty.

In the same year 815 persons were jailed for non-payment of income-tax, a great number of these cases relating to arrears of less than £5, owed by weekly wage-earners.

Another numerous class of imprisoned debtors are husbands sent to jail in respect of arrears of maintenance payable to their wives under police-court separation orders. In the last official year no fewer than 6,728 husbands were committed to prison for this species of default.

In a sense, they are less deserving of sympathy than other debtors; but there are many instances in which ample excuse can be pleaded in the shape of unemployment, short time and depressed wages.

It ought to be a universally acknowledged principle, accepted by the Legislature and acted upon by the law courts, that no man shall be thrown into prison simply because, through circumstances beyond his control, he is unable to meet a money demand.

This would make an end of two more abuses of long standing which are an ugly blot on British justice—namely, the detention of prisoners in jail to await trial, because they are too poor to obtain or offer bail, and the imprisonment of petty offenders in default of the payment of fines.

An ugly blot

The Prison Commissioners state that, in the year covered by their last report, 7,005 persons, held in custody while on remand, never returned to jail after the final trial of their cases. Many of them, no doubt, were acquitted, others bound over under the First Offenders Act or punished with fines.

Thousands of debtors, to whom no real moral blame attaches, are still languishing in the county jails and in Brixton Prison.

It is time the public conscience was awakened to the cruelty and injustice still perpetrated under some forms of our civil law.



Mr. Charles Pilley

impoverish their homes to satisfy a judgment debt, incurred, very likely, in circumstances which afforded ample excuse.

Their conduct may, in some cases, have been thriftless and thoughtless, but scarcely ever vicious or criminal.

The system which sends them to herd with felons, branding them for life as jail-birds, outrages humanity, while, at the same time, it convicts us of national hypocrisy by blowing sky-high the pious pretence of the Debtors Act that we have abolished imprisonment for debt.

Shylock's chance

This is not to say that the law should not actively intervene on behalf of creditors, or that punishment should never overtake the debtor. In so far as a man can be "made" to pay his debts, by all means make him do it, but for decency's sake keep him free from the taint of the common jail.

A dozen alternatives suggest themselves. A labour institution, where a man could "work out" his indebtedness, would be infinitely preferable to immuring respectable citizens in what are, too often, schools for crime.

The surviving hardships of the Debtors Act are shamelessly exploited by money-lenders and other unscrupulous touts who inveigle poor people into improvident bargains, relying upon the terror of imprisonment to collect the instalments of blood-money as they fall due.

It is not only the trade creditor, however, who can call in aid the terrors of the jail. In regard to what may be called public debts, the posi-

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3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

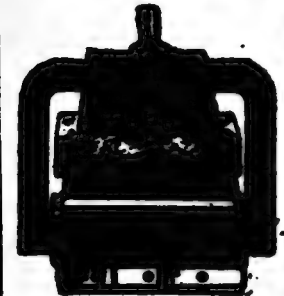
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A CIVIL SERVICE OUTRAGE

GIRL SLAVES OF THE STATE

The Government's Scurvy Trick

A HALF-TRUTH is the most despicable of all lies, since it is usually framed to deceive those who are proof against barefaced falsehood.

It has recently been stated in certain newspapers that £230,000,000 had been spent on the Civil Service of this country in one year. The inference was obvious.

It was intended that the man in the street, who finds the money, should be led to the conclusion that this vast sum had been expended upon, and for the benefit of, the actual servants of the State, and the articles were mere propaganda aimed at those associations which labour for the welfare of the employees of the Government.

Scandalous wages

The truth is that this £230,000,000 was expended upon the whole social service of the country, including education, health, pensions (old-age and Army), the Board of Agriculture, and the like, and the actual outlay on what is generally known as the Civil Service does not exceed the sum of £20,000,000.

There are approximately 300,000 Civil servants in the country. Some, of course, are highly paid officials, the majority of whom are contented with their lot. At least half of the Government employees, however—no fewer than 150,000—are in receipt of a weekly wage of less than £3, and quite a goodly proportion even of these draw £2 and under.

No fewer than 225,000 Civil servants are paid less than £4 per week, including bonuses. Not 8 per cent. of the whole of the Service is in receipt of a decent living wage.

Living on charity

It is a difficult matter to place before the public, in a few words, details of individual cases of hardship, since each must, of necessity, vary in accordance with personal circumstances.

The Civil Service Clerical Association has a membership of over 20,000, and runs a benevolent fund for the benefit of the needy. It may serve here to state that the officials find it impossible adequately to deal with the many cases of distress which are continuously recommended to their charity by the branch organisations.

Is it not a scandal that literally hundreds of Government employees are at this moment living on the very verge of starvation? Yet this is a sober fact, which no misquotation of figures can wipe out.

It is material to enquire who are these citizens whom the State elects to treat so scurvily. Are they the riff-raff of the land, weaklings for the wall? On the contrary, they are the best educated and most ambitious body of employees in Britain.

Each one has first to pass an examination up to matriculation standard, and when it is remembered

that the Service is strictly limited, and that the supply outnumbers the demand a hundredfold, it will be understood why it is that the examinations grow stiffer year by year.

The Service gets the best, and, having got the best, it pays the majority of them a wage at which a dustman would turn up his nose.

A moral danger

There are scores of girl clerks in the various Government offices—many of them living in lodgings—



Mr. W. J. Brown, Secretary Civil Service Clerical Association

who are struggling to keep themselves moral and decent on 30s. a week and under. That they manage to do so is a splendid testimonial to their worth, but it does not absolve the State from the charge of sweating.

"But," cries the Government advocate, "remember the pension, and the security of employment!" Yes, it is well to remember these, and also to mark the disgusting trickery by which so many Civil servants are robbed of their rights.

Independent of the temporary staffs, there are quite a number of employees who come under what is termed the "P." class. They are permanent and not permanent, neither one thing nor the other, and once they reach the age of sixty, the Government casts them aside and leaves them stranded and penniless.

An impossible task

The only excuse for this mean evasion of responsibility is that these unfortunates are not permanent in the sense that they are definitely attached to one department and one job; they are liable to be moved here and there at the will of the authorities.

They give of their best, and when

If you are interested in horses or racing read
CHARLES MORTON'S
Turf Secrets in "The People."

their faculties are waning, like a sucked orange they are thrown contemptuously aside.

"Serves 'em right," say the ignorant. "The improvident fellows should have saved up for their old age." Well, given anything like luck, they are allowed to rise to the giddy maximum of £3 10s. a week. Save up for their old age? How in the name of commonsense can they save on salaries like these?

It is practically useless for anybody connected with the Civil Service to approach the Government with reference to its wrongs. It is merely told that the question at issue will be submitted to arbitration, and the arbitrators invariably answer any demand for increased salaries with the blank statement that the finances of the country will not admit of it.

A public duty

Though the authorities will not allow affiliation to the Trade Union Congress, they do not scruple to quote trade conditions against their own servants.

The Civil Service Clerical Association claims that outside rates should not determine the salaries of its members. Whatever the financial state of the country may be, every Government employee is entitled to a decent living wage.

The various industries of the land have good times as well as bad, and what is lost on the swings is in the long run made up on the roundabouts.

By the nature of things, however, the salaries of Civil servants are more or less fixed and static. It is up to the nation to see that the level is sufficiently high to safeguard those who serve it conscientiously from the risk of a swamping by adversity.

Nailing a lie

Another grievance which merits the attention of the Government lies in the fact that oftentimes outsiders are brought in to fill responsible posts to the detriment of old servants who are as capable, if not more so.

There should be a free avenue for promotion, and the State should not be allowed to hold additional competitive examinations for high positions unless driven to do so by sheer necessity.

That is one of the demands of the organisations connected with the Service.

Another is that every State servant should be paid a fair and reasonable living wage, and a third claim is that every member of the permanent staff, including the "P." class, should be entitled to a pension at the age of sixty.

These are fair demands made by men and women who want no more than a modest competence. The defenders of State sweating would have us believe that they are the outcome of Bolshevik propaganda instigated by the British emissaries of Moscow.

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In Sunshine Ward

A TALE OF TWO KIDDIES

HOSPITALS are generally regarded as homes of tragedy. Yet in no other place is there more opportunity afforded for the display of human sympathy. And that display, too, leads often to further happiness, and, indeed, brings the rays of sunshine into many homes

THERE is no place in the world where so many contrasts meet as in the children's ward of the hospital. One minute you are touched to the quick by the plaintive cry of a little child in agony; the next you are laughing at the strange antics of one who, for the time being, has forgotten his discomfort and his pain.

At the far end of the ward are children well-nigh sick unto death; at the other end are those who are almost well again, and who signalise their return to the convalescent stage with a wonderful display of lung power. Here they are—thirty innocent, ailing bairns, a cargo of smiles and sorrows.

It was in this ward that not long ago I came across yet another contrast. They occupied adjoining cots, and they were as dissimilar as it is possible to be. Joyce was six, but she would quite easily have passed for eight. Ellen was seven, but at a guess you would have said she was not more than five.

Joyce had lovely rosy cheeks, which made one wonder why she was in a hospital cot. But that was only at first sight, for on closer inspection that apparently healthy colouring was seen to be a hectic flush, which told its own sad story.

This little girl, an only child, was suffering from a badly diseased heart, a legacy of two attacks of rheumatic fever. Yet, as so often happens in such a complaint, she overflowed with vitality, and was the life and soul of the place. Chatter, chatter, chatter, her tongue never kept still.

The one thing missing

Ellen, on the other hand, might have been a doll or a dummy for the noise she made. She lived up to the motto that "little girls should be seen, and not heard." And even when she was asked any question she was never extravagant with her words, but would reply by a feeble shake of the head.

Yet from a medical standpoint that child was not dangerously ill. Her com-

plaint was what, in hospital life, we call debility, which is often a "high-falutin" name for semi-starvation. Her little body was under-nourished as well as undersized, and her cheeks were wasted to the bone.

But the contrast between these two



Mr. Philip Inman

does not end here. One day I saw a man and a woman enter the ward, and at the sight of them little Joyce cried out excitedly, "It's my mummy, and my daddy!" These two were well dressed, and their general appearance gave the impression that, from a material standpoint, they were comfortably off.

I discovered later that they had a delightful country home some fifteen miles out of London, and that they possessed everything in the world except the thing they most desired, the health of their only child.

They were just leaving the ward when a poorly clad, frail little woman came in and made her way to Ellen's cot. She carried in her hands a small parcel and it

was only by a subterfuge that we found she had gone without her lunch to buy her child a box of bricks.

Ellen, who, as I have mentioned, had never much to say for herself, became almost voluble whilst her mother remained with her, and it was not difficult to see that, poor and ill though they were, these two meant a great deal to each other.

Yesterday morning I was told that Joyce's mother and father had enquired if I could spare them a few minutes. A little later they came into my room, and the woman started by saying, "The doctors say that we shall not be able to have Joyce home for a long time, but we don't mind so much, although we miss her terribly, if only her life can be spared."

The broken barriers

Into her voice crept a strange tenderness as she went on quietly, "We hear that the little girl in the next cot is leaving to-day, and as her mother is so poor we thought we should like to do something for her. We wondered if it could be arranged for her to come and stay with us for a few weeks. She would be well looked after, and the country air would do her a great deal of good."

I said that we had better wait until Ellen's mother came. "She's here now," responded my visitor, "we saw her coming upstairs a few minutes ago."

So I sent for this woman, and after I had told her of the proposal which had been made, her eyes filled with tears.

"I'm so thankful," she started, and then she stopped. A half-frightened look came on to her face. Then in a voice of tender appeal she went on, "But you won't keep her from me for always—I couldn't bear that. You see, I've got no husband, and she's all I have."

Joyce's mother looked at her husband, and then she asked, "Why shouldn't she come too?" He smiled, a friendly smile, "Why not?" he answered.

And in that "country house, some fifteen miles out of London," all the contrasts faded away in the friendly atmosphere of a happy home.

The Sentence of the Court

"REEL" LIFE HORRORS

Another Screen "Scram"

CHARGED with insulting behaviour, Mr. R. F. Cholmeley, headmaster of Owen's School, asked for the indictment to be translated into Latin so that he could be quite sure of understanding it.

"The accused," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "is one of those well-meaning persons who in saying what they think don't always think of what they say. Mr. Cholmeley thinks the cinema a foolish institution, but, in attacking it at the Headmasters' Conference, he insultingly implied that movie patrons are little better than congenital idiots."

"The cinema," he announced, "depends upon its ability to attract the largest number of the silliest people in their silliest moments."

"That the cinema is no more exempt from faults than are (say) some of our scholastic institutions may be admitted, but all that flickers is not foolish. In any case, these attacks by representatives of the classes upon the pleasures of the masses are becoming nowadays far too frequent."

"When the accused takes to pitying children as 'victims' of the cinema, he is

counting his victims before they are hatched, for old-time die-hards were once no less convinced that dire things would result from the then noo-fangled notion of teaching the 'lower orders' to read."

Mr. Strawsplitter urged that one could not ignore the pernicious influence of a form of entertainment which taught the young such practices as lassoing their schoolmasters and depositing custard-tarts where they were likely to be sat down upon.

Schoolmasters (counsel continued) had a sufficiently hard task without their charges learning "Moore" Tom-foolery, Mix metaphors and Jackie Cooganities. The cinema should be a great educational force, but its mandarins desired to keep the people ignorant, because their ignorance was Hollywood's bliss.

"I have noticed," said Mr. Justice Bull, "that the people who talk most about making the cinema an educational medium are those who howl loudest against legitimate aids to education, like raising the school-leaving age."

"I do not suggest that Mr. Cholmeley

belongs to this class, nor do I defend the cinema's more blatant buffooneries; but the prisoner goes too far in classing as fools all those who like a form of entertainment that he himself happens to dislike.

"A person can be a lowbrow without being low, but it seems difficult for one to be a highbrow without becoming high and mighty."

"The theory that every youngster who enjoys the spectacle of Tom Mix picking off his enemies will immediately shoot his sister with his little wooden gun is as absurd as it would be to suggest that every boy who visits 'Peter Pan' is likely forthwith to run away from home and apprentice himself to a pirate."

"A sense of humour would save the prisoner much needless apprehension and a sense of proportion would prevent him wasting his energy in attacking reel idiocies instead of concentrating upon real evils."

"As this is a first offence, I will content myself by passing the prisoner on to the court missionary, who, with the co-operation of a 'Chaplin,' may bring him to see the error of his brays."

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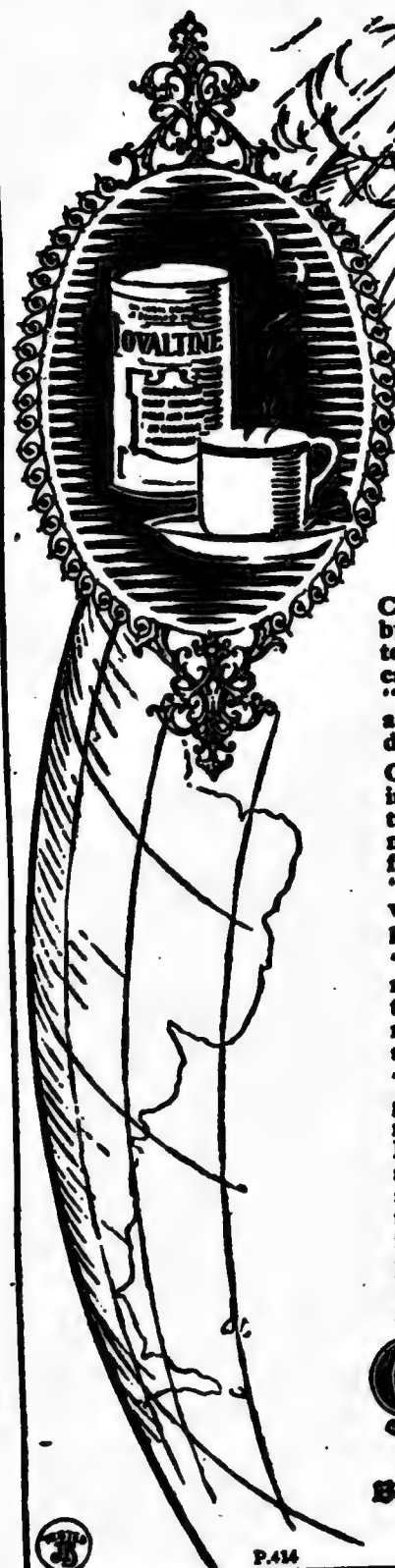
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Words Winged to Women

LOVE IN THE BALLOT BOX

THE beautiful head of the mother which Italy has placed in her national war memorial is more than an expression of tragic grief for the fallen. It is a call to women to unite in all things helping to make a new world of joy and peace

by MABEL HORNER

WOMEN demand equality of rights, opportunities, rewards and responsibilities with men." These words, which I saw the other day in a paper entirely devoted to the interests of women set me thinking.

It is, of course, a just demand. Whether based on human justice or on the higher ethics of Christianity, full equality of citizenship is the only possible goal to be aimed at. It is not yet fully achieved, but a large part of the way has been won.

It was only a very short time before the war that I stood, one of a small band of women, outwardly brave but inwardly shrieking, in the market square of a busy northern city, publicly advocating "Votes for Women."

Never before had such a phenomenon been seen in those streets. We were among those who relied exclusively upon argument and the logical presentation of an unanswerable case. There were women of position and high academic attainments in our group.

A victorious battle

But we did not on that account escape persecution. We were deluged with contemptuous chaff from "gentlemen" and pelted with missiles and vulgar personal abuse from the boorish.

Stolid-faced constables took out fat notebooks and entered up our names and addresses with the hope of working up cases for prosecution.

No prosecution fell my way, much as I should have welcomed a public opportunity to tell some antiquated magistrates a few home truths.

Others of us, angered into militancy by actual ill-treatment and the silly ineptitude with which the suffrage claim was handled, went to prison for our faith. Many women, suffered injury to health. Not a few, devoted to the cause, were martyred and died.

The question at last forced itself into the

forefront of politics and the Government gave way. Votes for women were won.

Equal franchise has still to be fought for, but the beginning of that end is in sight. Millions of women at every election record their votes and have their say in the election of every Member of Parliament. If they do not send a Member of



The beautiful head of the mother in the Italian National War Memorial, by Libero Andreotti

their own sex there, sex disability is not the cause.

All this is good, but it is not good enough. In the hearts of some of us who braved the heavy storm which any fresh claim for human justice is sure to bring down there lingers a disappointment.

It was expressed by an elderly woman, now retired and frail, who in her day fought gallantly for woman's suffrage. Reminded that at least victory was among her memories she sighed, "I am disappointed that women have not combined to throw their whole strength

into any real measures for social reform. That is the disappointment I share.

There is as yet no great thing in the world to which we can point and say that came about through the votes of women. It seems to me a tragedy if all that women's votes can do is just to increase the mass of voting-papers pushed for Party through the ballot-box.

The healing influence

The world cries out for unity. It is perishing of quarrels and divisions. Great armies grow up and the lovely face of nature bristles with bayonets and guns all because men have not learned to trust one another.

And there is only one thing that can heal and bring together, and that is love. I for one looked for the womanly influence in politics to bring that love into practical uses. The real influence of woman as such is the mother influence, and all that injures and divides men should be anathema to her, and all that helps and blesses, her supreme care.

What room for Party differences when houses for the people are in question?

What matters what Party frames a Bill so long as we get what is wanted? Why should not women unite in the reform of the land laws and insist that British land be free for Briton's children?

And why, first and foremost, should it not be women who unitedly and with one voice and one great effort insist that the process of world disarmament shall be begun? These things are too big for Party jealousies. The mother-spirit which drew man's feet from the jungle and set him on the pathway to civilisation is alone able to do it.

Strife and division are bidding fair to wreck our country. Big guns menace the world. Wise men wish to cry a halt. But if a really great and irresistible lead in these directions is ever to be given, it is the women, in one great unity of influence, who must do it.



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The Two Shilling Bar

by ETHEL BENTHAM, M.D., J.P.

SIR GEORGE NEWMAN hardly needs to prove his case when he states that we get "value" for the money expended on medical services for the school child.

While that is evident, however, it is wise to consider our methods of expenditure and from two points of view—first, to make the money go as far as possible, and, secondly, to be clear that niggardliness may not "spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar."

It is now realised that bad teeth and the resultant filling of the mouth with poison do much to undermine the constitution of the child, to cause various forms of indigestion, with its consequences lasting and increasing, almost in arithmetical progression through life and laying him open unnecessarily to various infections.

ONE would think it evident that it would pay the nation in a commercial, as well as in public health, sense to see that every child's teeth were examined and treated at least once a year.

Yet so little is it realised that there are still many education authorities who make no provision whatever for this important

service. For, the whole country over, when the teeth of two children in five are looked at 70 per cent. of them need treatment, but only just over half of these get it.

NOTHING beyond voluntary efforts here and there are done for the pre-school child, although 14 per cent. of them come to school with shocking bad teeth, leading to general ill-health, and, it would be fair to say in the district that I know, that 30 per cent. at five years of age already want some preventive work done.

But, passing over this parsimony on the part of the nation, why is it that the good authorities (of which London is one) only secure treatment for about half of those whom they know to be urgently needing it?

The blame is usually put upon careless or indifferent parents. There are some such, and there are many who need to be taught the importance of the care of the teeth, but it does not seem to me that the deterrent effect of the charge of 2s. has ever been adequately considered.

"It is not much," and "They like to pay something," and "The Care Com-

mittee will let them off if they cannot afford it," one is told.

But 2s. is much when it has to come out of the boot money. Those who like to pay are usually of the kind who like to think themselves a little above their neighbours and the small charge gives them an entirely false estimate of the value of the work.

The Care Committees, too, sometimes have such odd standards of what can be afforded and, in any case, take much precious time to approach.

It is not as if this money was really helpful in providing dental care. The accounting work, the collecting by school attendance officers (who spend much time and boot leather on it), the preparation and serving of summonses, the attendances before the justices to get order for payment, all this must swallow up as much or more than it brings in.

But this would not matter so much. What does matter is that it is of paramount importance to the nation to get the children's teeth treated and that this charge tends to hinder the attainment of that object and for no counterbalancing advantage that one can see.

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Human Documents

A Human Shuttlecock

A Pharisaical Father—The Spongers' Prey—A Love Test

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"I AM only twenty-four years of age, but I seem to have received all the hard knocks life has to give since I was a little boy of five.

"My mother and father separated about eighteen years ago, and I being the only child, they quarrelled over the question of my custody.

"They began to steal me away from each other and my earliest recollections are of continual unsettlement and unhappiness.

"This sort of thing went on until 1914, when my father enlisted and my mother commenced roaming about the country. I was left forsaken and destitute. The police befriended me and I was sent to an industrial school.

"I left the school in 1917 and enlisted. While I was with the Army in India I received a letter from my mother informing me that she was married again, committing bigamy. She excused herself by saying that she wanted to have a home for me when I returned.

"Back in 'Blighty' I went to live with her, but she was such a terrible drunkard that life was a misery, and after a few months she sold up the home and ran away from her bigamous husband.

"I tramped the country looking for work, and it was not long before I received news of my father. I went to see him and discovered that he, too, had committed bigamy.

"There was no hope of my finding a home with him, for he wished to pass me off to his bigamous wife as a young soldier friend of his!

"You cannot feel surprised that I am embittered against my parents. On the one hand, my mother, herself a drunkard, says the separation was all my father's fault on account of his laziness and ill-treatment of her, and, on the other, my father, who, if he is no saint, seems at least to be working hard and to be fairly well respected, blames my mother and refuses to acknowledge me because the disclosure of his past and the exposure of his bigamy would ruin him.

"So far as I can see, I shall have to live under a cloud of lies for the remainder of my life, suffering for the real or imaginary wrongs of my parents. What do you think of it?"

"HUMANIST" says: You must not give way to despair. You are a man yourself now, and you must strive to rise above the sordid circumstances of your childhood. Make your own way in life. You would almost be better off as an orphan than with such neglectful and unscrupulous parents, and you should not allow yourself to be hampered by their quarrels and crimes.

"UNTIL five years ago we were the happiest of families. Our lives had been circumscribed by puritanical influence, but as there was complete submission to parental control, if the harmony was not of the sweetest, there was, at least, no discord.

"My sister, who was then twenty-two, made the acquaintance of a young man, who, as events proved, was not altogether desirable, and her first love affair was nipped in the bud.

"I could excuse my father's attitude at that time, for I knew myself that my sister was in danger of being deceived,

but I find it hard to pardon his attitude now.

"You must understand that he is a man of the highest integrity, and a deacon of the Nonconformist church in which we have worshipped for generations. Yet, by his attitude towards my sister, in regard to a recent affair, he has shown himself to be a terrible tyrant.

"He has denied her any pleasures, save those associated with chapel-going. She may play the piano in the home, but she is not permitted to play an accompaniment for a friend in a secular building.

"While on holiday recently, my sister, now twenty-five, spent an evening in the company of an old school chum of mine and when she returned home, she found that it had come to father's ears that she had been out after ten o'clock.

"In front of all the family he called her by a name which signifies the last abandonment to abomination, and she is breaking her heart at being held up as a horrible example to the rest of the family, though she is sweetly innocent of any wrong.

"What can one do with such a father?"

"HUMANIST" says: Your father must be a Pharisee. For such an epithet to have been used by anyone to your sister would be reasonable ground for indignation; used by your father, it is doubly so. She should leave home and let her father console himself with the ashes of his heartless religion.

"I HAVE a friend with such a generous nature that he seems to me to be in danger of ending his days in poverty through wastrels taking advantage of this fine trait in his character.

"A Fool and His Friends" He lives by himself and refuses no one help who asks it. When he pays a visit he always takes a present, and if anyone calls on him they rarely leave him empty-handed.

"His visitors have only to express admiration for a thing and in the Spanish manner he says, 'It is yours,' but unlike a Spaniard he insists upon their taking it.

"His generosity has become almost proverbial, so that he has attracted to himself a gang of worthless parasites who seem bent upon stripping him of every valuable he possesses.

"I have frequently of late urged him to make a stand and rid himself of these so-called friends, but although he admits he is becoming rather worried, I cannot get him to assert himself. What can be done?"

"HUMANIST" says: Nothing can be done on your part except to open your friend's eyes to the unworthy character of the people who sponge upon him. If he should continue his misplaced generosity when he knows he is being "fleeced" he will have only himself to blame. I wonder whether such a man is quite right in his mind.

Priceless Jewels

A PENNY may be changed into a pearl, for a tear of joy is a pearl of the first water, and every reader may secure one of these jewels by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These" Fund. (See page 38.)

"MY advice has been asked by a young man of twenty-two, who, for two years, has courted a girl of twenty. They are deeply attached to each other and hope some day to be married.

Love in Affliction

"Soon after their courtship opened, the young man was involved in an accident in which he lost both feet.

"While in hospital he offered the girl release from the engagement, but she refused her liberty, declaring that his accident would make no difference.

"Of course, he is somewhat disabled now, but he is able to get about and he hopes that it will not be long before he is able to secure a good position.

"Suddenly, however, the girl's parents have turned against the match and forbidden her to meet or correspond with her lover, giving, as their only reason, the probability that his prospects for the future may be seriously interfered with.

"Now the girl is almost heartbroken, whilst the young man is torn between two opinions. He would sacrifice his future happiness and give her her freedom, but he loves her with all his heart.

"I think they might be quite happy, but for her parents' opposition."

"HUMANIST" says: If there is strong mutual affection it should be increased rather than diminished by the man's disability. They should not rush into marriage, but prove to her parents that love can triumph over such a physical disability and feather their nest regardless of parental opposition.

A Callous Mother

"My daughter has left me, a poor widow, to look after her illegitimate child for which she is receiving payment, but will not give me a penny, spending it all in public-houses. The child is in need of things which I cannot afford to provide."

"Humanist" says: Put the matter in the hands of the local officer of the N.S.P.C.C., who may be able to take action on the ground of the mother's neglect of the child which will bring her to her senses.

Trying to Make Good

"A pal of mine deserted the Army during the war, but is now making good under an assumed name. Some of the gang of which he is foreman have discovered this and will not work properly, thinking he dare not report them for fear of exposure. What can he do?"

"Humanist" says: He is not likely to be punished for desertion now, but it is up to him to play the man. If men under him will not perform their tasks, he should report them and stand by the consequences.

Release from an Asylum

"I have been released from a lunatic asylum only to find myself persecuted by my wife, whose unfaithfulness sent me there. I must not molest her, but, apparently, she may pursue me, and if I retort send me back to the durance from which I have just been freed. The After-Care Association says it cannot help me."

"Humanist" says: Rest assured that so long as you abide by the condition under which you have been set at liberty you have nothing to fear. Leave your wife's neighbourhood and try to start afresh. If you keep away from possible trouble, the After-Care Association will help you.



SHOPKEEPER'S SHOCKING RECORD OF UNFITNESS.

(Before Mr. Justice Kruschen)

P.C. Spotten: On the morning of the 25th instant I discovered the accused in the act of yawning and holding his head as if guilty of a severe headache.

Judge: Any previous convictions?

Witness: Several, m'lud, so after cautioning the prisoner in the usual manner I placed him under arrest.

Prisoner: It's not my fault, m'lud. I never get a chance of a holiday or proper exercise.

Judge: That's just why it is your fault. But when a man like you gets unfit, ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is due to nothing but neglect. Have you done anything to protect yourself against the ill-effects of the unnatural, indoor life you lead?

Prisoner: No, m'lud.

Judge: A married man who neglects his health as you have done is simply committing partial suicide. You deserve to go to prison.

However, this court is not here to punish, but to reform. Tell me—have you ever heard of Kruschen Salts?

Prisoner: Yes, m'lud.

Judge: Then I order you to buy a bottle at the very first chemist's you pass outside this court, and to take as much as will lie on a sixpence in your cup of tea at breakfast every day.

Counsel: But my client cannot afford...

Judge: Your client can afford a farthing a day—and that's all the Kruschen habit will cost him. (addressing the prisoner): Though your record is the worst I've seen for weeks, I will release you. If you do as I order, before many weeks have passed you will have regained all the health and energy that you've lost in your misspent past. And you'll soon find, my man, that when once you're really fit you'll have the happiest, brightest home and the most successful business for miles around.

Kruschen Salts

prevent constipation and rheumatism.

Kruschen is a combination of six mineral salts which your body must have to keep the blood pure, the inside clean, and the system generally toned up, but which you can't get in Nature's own way without abundant exercise and fresh air. You must

have those six salts every day; hence the importance of the "little daily dose." Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/-, and 1/9 bottles. Health, happiness, and "that Kruschen feeling" for a farthing a day! It's the little daily dose that does it.

PEPS

For COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS,

THESE unique breathe-able tablets soothe and heal the throat, ease the chest and clear the bronchials in a remarkable manner.

1/3 PER BOX



A good drink that does you good

SAY, "drink this—it will do you good," and you'll make most people suspicious. It may be good. Whether it will taste good . . . ?

For it's flavour that matters. Maybe we find that drinking our favourite beverage at night keeps us awake. However, we like it so much that we are inclined to minimise its ill effects; or try to get over them by exercise and fresh air. Which is good—but not so good as it might be. For the stimulation of palate and feeling which most good drinks give is a false one, due to drugs or other harmful elements.

But there is one drink which does you good—Postum.

Postum is a fine tonic drink with a tang, fragrant and delicious. It has none of the usual drawbacks of fine flavour. It is made from roasted whole wheat slightly sweetened with pure sugar cane syrup. Just that and nothing more. That is why it not only tastes good but is good. It comes in tiny sparkling granules. It is made in a cup in a moment. And it costs less than 1/4d. a cup.

GIVE IT A REAL TRIAL

You can't expect to discover how much better Postum is for you than are other hot drinks unless you give it a fair trial. So we suggest that you drink it every day for, say—a month. That will give you a real chance to prove how much good it does you, how much better you do feel for drinking it regularly. In order to start you on this test we will send you five first week's supply—free. Fill in the coupon. Or, if you don't care to cut this page, copy out the coupon on a post-card.

Instant! POSTUM

The Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd., Dept. BU 2
3 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

I should like to give Postum a month's trial. Please send me, free of charge and without obligation, the first week's supply.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

(Please write VERY plainly!)



Most good grocers sell Postum in 48-cup tins for 1/7, and 96-cup tins for 3/6. (These prices do not apply to Northern Ireland or to the Irish Free State.) It is one of the Post Health Products which include Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes.

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To celebrate my 21st Year advertising the finest Gramophones, I shall make a generous New Year Gift to any reader of "John Bull" who orders a Gramophone and Records, which I send on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, PACKED FREE & CARRIAGE PAID. Small deposit gets delivery. Write NOW for a copy of my NEW YEAR LISTS showing FREE GIFT OFFERS

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IMPORTANT To all sufferers from CATARRH

Deafness, Asthma, Ear Noises, Hay Fever.

Hundreds of men and women who in the past suffered from Catarrh, Deafness, Asthma and similar distressing ailments—but who suffer no longer—testify to the wonderful cures effected by the use in their own homes of the late Sir Hiram Maxim's Inhaler. Yet many thousands who still suffer hesitate to send for this wonderful invention because they are in doubt whether it would effect a cure in their case.

OUR NEW OFFER

On receipt of P.O. for 2/6 we will send you one of these Maxim Inhaler Sets. Use it for seven days. If it does not bring you relief, send it back to us unbroken and we will refund your money. If you obtain benefit from it, as we know you will, then send us the balance of 5/- Only new and unused Inhalers are issued by us. Every set returned is destroyed and means a dead loss to us. If you would prefer to have our booklet, the "Home Doctor," first, we will send it FREE on receipt of your name and address. It tells in their own words the experience of those who have used the Inhaler and been cured of Catarrh, Deafness, Hay Fever, Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis. If you suffer from, or are subject to, any of these complaints, this Inhaler will truly surprise you. Its use brings immediate relief and eventual cure. No matter what remedies you have tried before, make up your mind now to suffer no more. Send your P.O. to-day (or write for the booklet). Where other "cures" have entirely failed, this Inhaler has succeeded.

COUPON

Please send me Maxim Inhaler Set. I enclose P.O. 2/6, and will either send the balance 5/- or return the set unbroken within 7 days for refund of my deposit.

NAME

ADDRESS
Sir Hiram Maxim's Licensees (Dept J.A.),
46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

Radio Notes

Buying a Loud-Speaker

by W. R. DOUGLAS SHAW

WHAT are the points to be considered when buying a loud-speaker? Tone is often spoken of as the all-important criterion, and in order to make one's choice accordingly it is essential to hear as many models as possible.

Critical ears can generally distinguish between the tones of any two loud-speakers which, to the less critical, may seem identical. Flexibility of tone is an important characteristic and will be found more in evidence with some models than with others.

Another big point to be considered is the fact that what may strike one as the nicest-toned instrument for orchestral music may not necessarily be the best for speech reproduction.

Again, some instruments are better than others for reproducing outdoor broadcasts, such as military bands and public addresses. In many cases, I think, outdoor programmes sound more realistic on headphones.

Then, don't forget, the loud-speaker which you hear and purchase in the shop may sound different when you get it home. The sounds issuing do not travel to the ear direct, but are reflected from the walls, curtains, and other objects. This reflection naturally makes a difference.

THE principal loud-speaker manufacturers and traders have fitted up special rooms in which prospective customers may hear models in circumstances approximating as nearly as possible to the average home.

Loud-speaker design, in plain language, is just a fight between resonance and sensitivity. Resonating components, such as reeds and diaphragms, are un-

avoidable, so resonance is not entirely eliminated.

Resonance has the effect of making it difficult for the ear to distinguish the various instruments of an orchestra. It is responsible for occasional "blurring" effects, and is opposed to sensitivity.

High degrees of sensitivity combined with the least possible resonance, however, are now to be found in the majority of British loud-speakers.

BECAUSE two ears rarely hear alike and because two loud-speakers rarely sound alike, I regard buying a loud-speaker as like buying a house.

As a wise husband will not take a house until his wife has seen it, so, I think, the lady should have an ear in the choosing of a loud-speaker.

Appearance and general workmanship, of course, count for a good deal, especially if one has not the super-critical ear.

Strong filaments are a most important factor influencing the durability of valves. The katenised filaments of the world-renowned Cossor valves are claimed to be the strongest. That this claim is well founded is proved by the fact that when dropped 600 feet from an aeroplane the filaments of these valves have been recovered intact.

The construction of a three-valve loud-speaker set at home is a simple matter, even for the inexperienced amateur.

Readers desiring a three-valver of first quality, and capable of being assembled in three hours, would do well to write to the Edison Swan Electric Co., Ltd., 123-125, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4, for particulars of the R.C. Threesome.

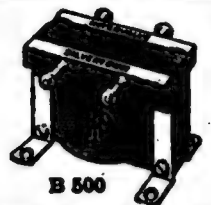
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This duty they fulfil with a degree of success which has surpassed the most sanguine hopes of their designers, is the admiration of the whole electrical industry, and has not been approached by any other make of battery.

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THE RIGHT THING IN THE RIGHT PLACE

YOU would not take your umbrella to bed—it would be out of place.

In other cases it may not be so obvious. Take radio valves for instance. There are over 100 different makes—a thousand different varieties—each with a filament, a grid and an anode. And there is the new Amplion Valve. The right place for this is in your receiver—that is to say, if you desire

Better Radio Reproduction

Announcement of Graham Amplion Limited, 25, Saville Row, London, W.1.

Socialism's Blind Alley

Mud-slinging Journalism—Crime's Victims—A Base Indignity

THE free play JOHN BULL allows its contributors is once more emphasised by the article "Bill's Strange Bedfellow," by Sir Frank Fox. JOHN BULL must surely stand out as the most independent and fearless journal of the day when its readers are allowed to judge for themselves from the many contributions which cram its pages, untainted by any editorial prejudice. An example, well worth copying, is being set by JOHN BULL in the production of a really free Press.—*Leslie Leatham, Liverpool.*

Preaching and Practice

It is the easiest thing in the world to be a Socialist if you have money; but one notices that the moneyed Socialists generally stick to it, and, not only so, but are the last persons in the world who would conform to the monotonous régime of a Socialist State. Even under a Socialist system the men with brains will be at the top.—*Anti-Humbly, Lancashire*

A Party Problem

What is the poor Labour Party to do? On the one hand, Sir Frank Fox chastises it for admitting wealthy members to its ranks; on the other, it is told that it cannot be trusted with government because it represents a class, the workers. It would be more to the point if criticism were confined to its principles and personalities avoided.—*F. L., Aylesbury.*

Rich "Comrades"

The rich "comrade" is no new thing. The Earl of Shaftesbury was a "comrade" to poor English children; Mr. H. M. Hyndman, a wealthy man, had the good will of scores of thousands, and undoubtedly was one of the principal pillars of modern Socialism. Much may be forgiven to Dives if he shows signs of refusing to be a traitor to humanity.—*Frank Newell, Hants.*

A Stiff Scramble

Sir Frank Fox concedes that under Socialism the struggle for existence would cease and man would be reasonably sure of good food and of good shelter. But he thinks that in order to provide joy for the winners the scramble for existence should go on. He does not give a thought to the bitterness of losing. Surely, pleasure is to be found in other ways than in fighting for a living.—*H. P., Kensal Rise.*

Sour Grapes

The gratuitous assumption that so-called "fashionable" Socialists are usually inspired by unworthy motives is not worthy of anyone whose mental processes are on a higher level than the originator of "Sour Grapes." Sir Frank Fox's recent criticism in JOHN BULL of Socialism is as futile as his four-footed namesake's criticism of the grapes.—*J. T. W., Canonbury.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Smethwick's Shame

Your stinging rebuke to the mud-slinging Press was timely. The abuse turned out during the Smethwick election makes one ashamed of some of our journalists. Times have changed and are still changing, and the working classes are beginning to see and think for themselves. This is a factor a certain section of the Press seemed to overlook.—*Yorkley, Brighouse.*

Workers All!

Professor Jacks is not ploughing a lonely furrow when he preaches his gospel of work. The majority of us who comprise the "labouring class" believe that work is one of the primary duties of life. But what has really marred this belief is the idea that employers of labour are so merely for reasons of self-interest. We must learn that all are working together for each other's good.—*Miner, Swansea*

The Woman Pays

Mrs. Marjorie Williams in "The Woman in the Case!" is absurdly harsh on her own sex. To claim that for three-quarters of the crimes committed women are responsible is ridiculous. Far better would it have been if she had dwelt on the undisputed fact that in nine cases out of ten the chief sufferers from crime are women. Men are sent to prison to expiate their crime and are at least fed and clothed; but it is dreadful to think of the privation and misery that are caused to the wives and children left to fight for themselves.—*W. M. J., London.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"CAMBRIDGE INDEPENDENT PRESS" (Advert.).—"Very large honeycomb quilts. Keep stockings clean and legs warm. All sizes."

"THE SCHOOL FRIEND":—"Magnificent red hair it was, SHINGLED, but LONG and wavy."

"EMPIRE NEWS":—"I had, of course, never SEEN him in life, never heard him talk. But as luck would have it I had SEEN him once."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"Special detectives, disguised as DETECTIVES to allay suspicion, followed a tall bearded man yesterday on the Yorkshire moors."

"TIT-BITS":—"He could only see the top of her head and her long grey KNEES."

Wrong Houses

Local authorities all over the country are trying to solve the housing problem by erecting, at great expense, a garden city type of house. These are quite unsuitable for a working-class family, and the rent, too, is beyond their means. Why not build labour-saving self-contained flats which could be let at a reasonable rent?—*Houseless, London.*

Fortunes in Keeping

That the War Office should still be holding such a large sum as £75,000 due to relatives of dead soldiers and airmen seems somewhat remarkable. Cannot the regimental record officers furnish the addresses of the next-of-kin? Failing this, why not communicate with some of the late comrades of the deceased and ask them if they can furnish any particulars?—*F. M. H., Long Eaton.*

Valuable Rubbish

Day by day, barges go down the Thames and other rivers with rubbish to be dumped into the sea. Why cannot this rubbish be taken to the low-lying ground and the area drained and put to useful purpose? The 1,500,000 now unemployed could furnish the labour. The more land we put to good use here the less food shall we need to have imported.—*S. A., London.*

Scandalous "Sport"

The action of a Minehead woman in rescuing a poor, exhausted hare from its pitiless pursuers is in refreshing contrast to the revolting accounts of hideous cruelties perpetrated by the followers to hounds under the pseudonym of sport, and the disgusting practice of "blooding" embryo hunters. It seems almost incredible that human beings can participate in such repulsive "pastimes."—*Horace L. Griggs, St. John's Wood.*

Rattle his Bones

We are informed that 150 boards of guardians are sending the unclaimed bodies of paupers to medical schools. A great-hearted Worcester guardian reminded the board that they are the guardians of the poor in death as well as in life. If bodies are wanted why not ask for volunteers? Why add this last indignity to those from whom life has taken all?—*Irascor, Coventry.*

Ominous Figures

According to official reports of the Ministry of Agriculture, to-day there are 1,766,386 fewer acres under wheat than there were fifty years ago, and 863,720 fewer acres under barley, whilst there has been a total shrinkage in the acreage of corn crops of nearly 30 per cent. Livestock, too, has diminished by 4 per cent., whilst the number of male persons employed in agriculture has gone down by nearly 200,000. But the area set apart for deer forests has increased from 1,975,209 to 3,432,385 acres!—*C. E. L., Harrow.*

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND



On Pussyfoot the lid we've put
But now some brother croakers
(A dreary lot!) have sworn to swat
And smite us wicked smokers!



If he repeats these foolish feats
They'll lead to his undoing.
For many folk can't see the joke
And wonder where he's going.



It isn't sound to cut the ground
From underneath your legs.
And it's no use to kill the goose
That lays the golden eggs.



What a fate to serve the State!
For the screws they're getting
If in trade such rates were paid
We should call it sweating.

GREATEST WIRELESS OFFER! EVER MADE!



For £1 down

the General Radio Company Ltd. will send one of its own Installation Engineers to your home in any part of the country and will erect, install, demonstrate and leave playing for you, free of charge, the new General Radio TWO VALVE set complete with LOUD SPEAKER and HEADPHONES. The balance is payable in instalments of 20/- a month for twelve months only. Cash price £12.

NOTHING ELSE TO BUY. The Royalty is paid; battery, accumulator, complete aerial equipment, all necessary cords and plugs—everything is included. It is only necessary to provide an aerial pole if trees, etc., are not available.

PERFECT RECEPTION. The General Radio set is unsurpassed for purity of tone, volume and range of reception. Every set and every part is guaranteed. After our Engineer has installed the Set in your house he has to return to the Company a form signed by you stating the set is fitted up and working to your entire satisfaction. By this means we ensure that you cannot buy a General Radio set that does not give you perfect satisfaction. No other wireless firm gives this service to its customers.

FEATURES OF THE NEW SET

- (1) The two Dull Emitter valves are a new type giving double volume for a fraction of the usual current.
- (2) The secret of the full crystal-clear volume of the General Radio "Hearthside" Loud Speaker is to be found in the new patented cast-iron diaphragm.
- (3) The pair of General Radiophones weigh only 7 ounces and a new type of magnetic system gives them extreme sensitivity.
- (4) The set is simple to work—push one plug into its socket and reception commences.
- (5) The receiver tunes from 250 to 2,400 metres, thus being capable of receiving all Broadcast wavelengths without the use of additional coils.
- (6) All British made by the General Radio Company Ltd., and beautifully finished in handsome polished walnut case.

Send the coupon below for the new illustrated catalogue and full details of the General Radio Company valve sets, the free installation and deferred payment offers.

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Dear Sirs, Please send me, post free and without obligation, your illustrated Catalogue of General Radio valve sets, and full details of your free installation and deferred payment offer.

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Address _____

JB 15/27

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144, WEST REGENT ST., GLASGOWOne of the
PIONEERSin the FOOTBALL Business have been
established 30 years, and during that
time they have withstood hundreds of
BLACK SATURDAYSand have seen thousands of adventurers
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HERE TO-DAY—AND EVERY DAY.Remember we barred nothing in the
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Looking Forward to Lincoln

The Optimistic Punter and the First Big Race—Some Interesting Figures—Why Tenby is Famous—Friar Wile's Wiles—Duller, Aviator

THE Lincoln entries once more! Sixty-nine neatly printed little names, and not one marked "Don't touch." As this warning is not enforced, I expect before very long the optimistic punter will throw overboard all his good New Year resolutions to leave the big races alone and will be picking out one to beat the book.

It's Hard to Resist

I know the lure of the big events is very tempting, but the record of last year was so calamitous that I intend to be one of the "also rans" until the weights and acceptances appear. Thank goodness, they will not be long.

Some Interesting Figures

Not much good purpose can be served by discussing the chance of any particular horse until the handicap is framed, but one of my correspondents has sent me some very interesting figures in connection with the Carlisle event which I think are well worth publishing.

Six-year-olds on Top

Since 1900 twenty-four Lincolns have been run, and 586 horses have taken part in the events. Of these 16 have been three-year-olds, 270 four-year-olds, 153 five years, 90 six years, and 57 aged. Ten four-year-olds have won, 7 six years, 6 five years, and one aged. These statistics are very enlightening, as the general opinion is that the race is all in favour of four and five-year-olds. Actually on the percentage of runners the six-year-olds are well on top.

No Three-year-old since 1892

Everybody should know that the Lincoln is not a three-year-old's race. The last of this age to score was Clarence in 1892, but in spite of this fact Nothing Venture started second favourite to Zionist ten months ago and a small fortune went west.

White Mountain

To come back to earth, the National Hunt campaign. If I were a poet I should compose an ode to White Mountain for doing my code followers a good turn at Haydock when he won the Warrington Handicap Hurdle at the splendid price of 100 to 8. There was not much money for the gelding on the course, but some of the starting price offices knew all about it—after the race. I hoped Ampulla would complete a nice double, but this usually safe fencer came to grief, and his rider, Hammett, broke a collar-bone. Ampulla is a certain winner in due course.

W. Hammett, who rode White Mountain and Ampulla

to grief, and his rider, Hammett, broke a collar-bone. Ampulla is a certain winner in due course.

Tenby This Week

Tenby, in the Wye Valley, holds its one and only meeting of the year this week. D. Harrison, who trains locally, is always responsible for a large number of entries and wins several of the events, but as his horses start at very short prices it does not pay to follow them. Hastings is dangerous at the meeting, and I keep a weather-eye open for anything sent from Cheltenham by C. Roberts. I shall code my selections as usual.

Four Famous Horsemen

Tenby is more famous as the birthplace of the brother Rees and the brothers Anthony than it is for its racing, and there is not another town in the kingdom that can boast of four such splendid horsemen. F. B. and L. B. Rees have

THE CODE'S BEST—SO
FAR—FOR 1927**WHITE MOUNTAIN**

won 100 to 8

"SILVER RING'S" selection at
HAYDOCK PARK.

both one National to credit, and Jack Anthony has won the big 'chase on three occasions. Tenby has a right to be proud.

Hartigan for Hurst Park

Brighter racing will take place at Hurst Park on Friday and Saturday, and once again I advise the following of Frank Hartigan's runners. The Weyhill trainer has won well over 1,000 races under both codes, and the majority of these successes have been scored on the Park courses.

FOR YOUR NOTE-BOOK

TORCUP should be one of Hastings' winners at Tenby. At Kempton Park, the gelded son of Achtol just plipped Red Lynch and Morello, two useful 'chasers.

SOMEDAY is worth noting for the Town Handicap Steeplechase, on Thursday. Was favourite last time out when running third to Court Scandal at Cheltenham.

PUNT GUN, who has been fancied for one or more Grand Nationals, has descended to selling races! He should be good enough to account for the opposition in the opening race at Hurst Park.

RATHCOOLE has come on by leaps and bounds since entering T. Leader's stable. He is a likely long-shot winner of the January Handicap Chase at Hurst, on Friday.

DUMAR, the well-known flat-racer, is due to make a first appearance over hurdles in the Richmond Maiden Hurdle Race. In the absence of Friar Wile, he should be backed each way.

LADY NIGHTINGALE was very heavily backed at Newbury. She was balked in running, and did well to finish fourth. Make a note of the four-year-old for the Mortlake Handicap Hurdle.

This week he has the four flat-racers engaged, Harpist, Bassoon, Footer and Etlington. Footer, of course, is not a novice at the jumping game, but the others are unknown quantities.

Friar Wile's Wiles

Three races and three seconds is the

unhappy experience of Friar Wile over hurdles. The son of Friar Marcus is the first horse Sir R. McAlpine has ever owned, and as he paid over 3,000 guineas for him it appears to be a costly purchase. If the four-year-old remains with J. Bell, I am sure this clever Epsom trainer will get a race out of him, and in view of his three successive failures the price should be a good one. I remember a couple of seasons ago coding Tutankhamen from the same stable. In this case the third time paid for all. Tutankhamen scored at 8 to 1. Follow Friar Wile.

A "Fair" Trainer

Perry Woodland, who has had a very successful season with his fencers, is enjoying a well-earned holiday in Switzerland, and has left his stable in charge of his sister, Mrs. Victor Tabor. This need not frighten backers off any of the runners from Cholderton, as Mrs. Victor is not a novice, and in Percy's absence I expect she would like to land a winner or two.

Duller, the Aviator

George Duller has found another outlet for his craze for speed by purchasing Steve Donoghue's aeroplane, and if he carries out his present intention he will pilot himself to the meetings at which he has engagements. He flew from Lambourn to Gatwick last week to ride Toy Belle. I do not think the crack hurdle jockey has owned a 'plane before, but he knows all there is to know about the gentle art of flying. He served in the R.A.F. during the war, and must have been one of the early birds, as he obtained his pilot's certificate in 1915.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheld Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

R G K W T 3 S Z B M F A D H

P V Q X O E C L I Y 2 N J U

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. YTHAO3OAN would read MOUNT ETNA.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, January 12, to Tuesday, January 18.

"Soccer" Selections

FORECASTS FOR JANUARY 22

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Arsenal, Burnley, Leeds, Liverpool, Newcastle, Tottenham, West Bromwich, Wednesday.
AWAY WINNERS.—Huddersfield.
DRAWS.—Bury v. Sunderland, West Ham v. Everton.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, Chelsea, Darlington, Hull, Manchester C., Notts Forest, Portsmouth, South Shields, Swansea.
AWAY WINNERS.—Southampton.
DRAW.—Preston v. Middlesbrough.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Northern)
HOME WINNERS.—Accrington, Halifax, New Brighton, Rotherham, Stoke, Wrexham.
AWAY WINNERS.—Nelson, Rochdale, Stockport.
DRAWS.—Barrow v. Crewe, Wigan v. Chesterfield.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Southern)
HOME WINNERS.—Brentford, Bristol R., Coventry, Crystal Palace, Exeter, Newport, Swindon.
AWAY WINNERS.—Bournemouth.
DRAWS.—Aberdare v. Plymouth, Millwall v. Brighton, Watford v. Bristol C.

THE COMPLETE FORM BOOK The Sporting Life SUMMARY OF P. ST RACING

Returns of Flat and Steeplechasing
to December 31st, 1926

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS

RHEUMATISM

Something New for this Distressing Malady.

Read this and act on what you are here told; it may be the best day's work in your life. Are you a sufferer from Rheumatism, Neuritis, Arthritis Sciatica, etc.? You may have suffered so for some years and also spent money and tried many remedies with little or no success. Will you try at no cost a home remedy which is neither a drug nor a medicine, but a simple tropical herb which you prepare just like ordinary "tea" and drink once or twice a day? The remedy is agreeable and effective and you

"FEEL THE BENEFIT ALMOST AT ONCE"

GRANGETOWN, CARDIFF.

Having been a sufferer with Neuritis in the knees for three years, and after trying all kinds of "so-called" cures, I decided to try your Hervey. On Sunday the 9th, I started taking the remedy, and before the end of the week I had nearly lost all pain. I was going to write to you the first week, but I thought I had better wait, so now, after three weeks, I can let you know that I am practically free from pain. At first I felt as if there was something missing, having got so used to limping. I am a Commissionaire at a Cinema, where I am on my feet from morning till night and like some distance away. What used to take me three-quarters of an hour to walk, I can do now quite comfortably in 20 minutes. I have recommended Hervey to one I know, and I thank the day that my wife sent for the sample packet. I don't know how to express my gratefulness for your wonderful cure, Hervey—H.J.H.

P.S. I am an ordinary "business man," not a vendor of patent medicines, and I know from my own personal experience that the product now offered is **MOST EFFECTIVE FOR RHEUMATISM**. As the selling of this product is distinct from my regular business please mark your envelope "HERVEY."

Address: Mr. H. LEE, Colonial Importer, (Dept. 447), 37, Red Lion Street, London, W.C.

FREE PACKET

—not what I say, but what people tell me daily in their letters. For example, a well-known Scottish peeress, Lady E.—recently wrote me:—"People have been so struck with the marked changes in me (this lady had been crippled for several years through Rheumatism) that I have had to give away three of the packets, and I am now sending for six more." I have received similar letters from Public Officials, Naval and Military Officers, Clergymen, Professional Men and persons in all ranks of life. You need Risk No Money to prove for yourself the genuineness of this remedy, and I particularly ask you to write to me if you have failed so far to get relief. Simply write and send me a stamp for reply, and I will send you a trial quantity of Hervey free of charge. If you feel you are getting benefit you can have a further quantity at a small charge. The secret of the virtue of this plant is that it Expels Uric Acid from the System, and also Prevents Further Acid Deposits Accumulating. Other chemical and drug remedies relieve for the time being, but they fall in this all-important result. Write to-day—the cost is nothing, and you may never regret doing so; in fact, it may prove "a long good-bye to Rheumatism."



Just two! and then — A Good Night's Rest

Dr. Cassell's Tablets soothe and restore the nerves and digestion, bringing natural, healthy rest—not the "doped" sleep that comes from taking sleeping draughts.

They contain no harmful drugs—only the finest of nerve and body-building foods, guaranteed to restore the nerves and strengthen the body.

What a simple way to obtain rest and health—Just two Dr. Cassell's Tablets at bedtime.



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1/3 and 2/6 per box,
at all chemists & stores.

& A GRAND GRAMOPHONE AND RECORDS ARE YOURS



MY FREE LISTS only want seeing and you will not buy elsewhere. Beautiful horn and hornless models in great variety at the lowest and easiest terms known. Small deposit gets any Model and Records ON 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID. Money refunded if dissatisfied. My Gramophones are the talk of the year. Nothing so good and cheap offered, so send for FREE LISTS NOW.

Edw. O'Brien Ltd.
THE WORLD'S LARGEST
CYCLE DEALER, 28-34 COVENTRY.

THE TOTALISATOR

Established May, 1920.
STARTING PRICE GUARANTEED

RACING FOOTBALL.

START THE NEW YEAR WELL BY OPENING AN ACCOUNT WITH THE "TOTE" AND HAVE A YEAR'S SATISFACTION.

BUSINESS ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Send a postcard for full particulars. Rules, List of Ante-Post Pools, Football Lists, etc.

THE TOTALISATOR,
St. Andrew Square, EDINBURGH

Bad Legs POSITIVELY CURED

Bad legs with wounds perhaps so surrounded with inflammation, and swollen, that when you press your finger on the affected part an impression remains! Your knees may be swollen, the joints being ulcerated; same with the ankles, round which the skin is discoloured. The disease if allowed to continue may deprive you of the power to walk. Perhaps you have been told your case is hopeless. But do not despair. The Great English Remedy

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT

with 60 years' reputation, goes to the root of the disease, reduces the inflammation, DRAWS out the poison, and positively cures Ulcers, Swollen Ankles, Poisoned Wounds, Abscesses, Carbuncles, Ringworm, Chilblains, etc. Sold by all Chemists and Drug Stores, 1s. 3d. and 2s. a tin, or post free from Dept. J.E., Grasshopper Ltd., North Road, Holloway, London, N.1.

"CLEVERICKS" COMPETITION RESULTS.

Cheques were sent on January 4th to the following:—

1st Prize, \$100.—Divided between: Miss A. King, "The Berries," 241, Cowley Road, Oxford; Mr. A. Barnard, Kingston, Portway, Wells, Somerset.

2nd Prize, \$25.—Divided between: Mr. J. S. Napier, 10, Colville Place, Arbroath; Mr. V. Strelitz, 19, Chilton Street, London, E.2.

\$5 each.—S. A. Foreman, Portsmouth; A. McKenna, Liverpool; E. Phillips, London, N. 21; C. S. James, Plymouth; J. Crozier, Dublin.

MASTERS



All Sizes.
Black or Tan.

MASTERS' NEW "RYCROME" BOOT.

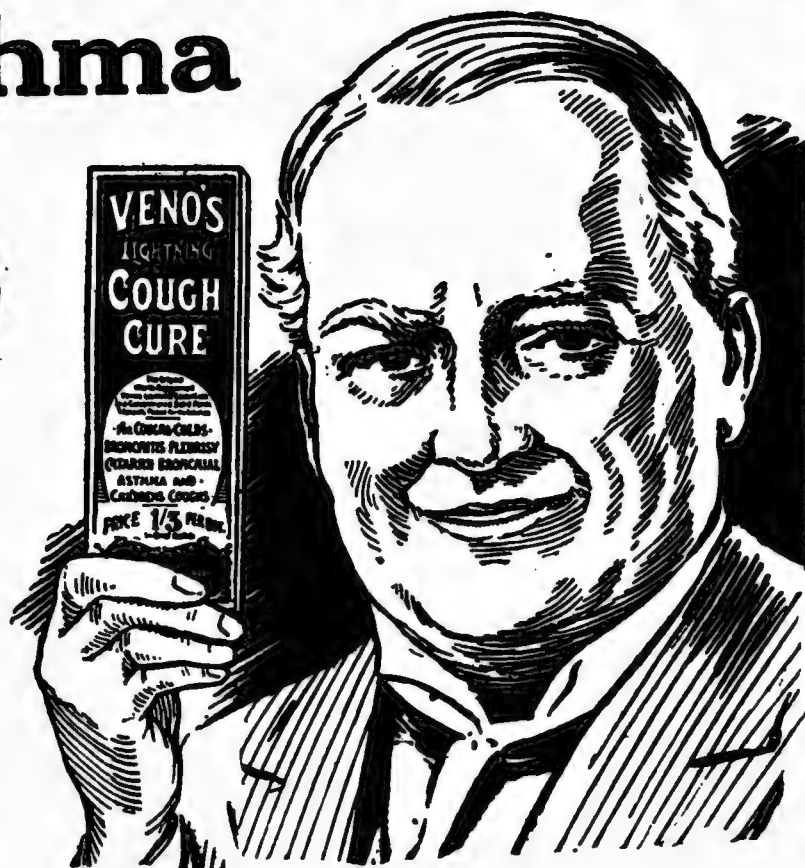
Here is the best boot ever built for town or country wear. Built throughout of solid leather; built with extra strong uppers; built with double-wear "Rycrome" water proof soles; built for long service; built by British workmen, and sold on our guaranteed to satisfy or deposit back system. Price only 25/- Easy Terms 1/- now, 2/- on delivery, and 4/- monthly. Send 1/- to-day (P.O. or stamps), and say what size we shall send you. Irish Orders Full Cash.

MASTERS Ltd., 83, HOPE STORES, RYE.

COUGHS, COLDS, Bronchitis, Asthma

and all complaints of the
CHEST, THROAT & LUNGS

No matter whether the cause of your Cough be Cold, Catarrh or Bronchitis, Veno's will cure it. Veno's will stop the tickling, ease your chest, soothe and heal the membrane. Veno's is the Universal Home Remedy for children and adults. It is safe and children like it.



If you cough, take Veno's. For bronchial troubles it is specific. When the tickling in the throat indicates that a cold is coming, take Veno's. You will be saved hours of discomfort and distress, you will obtain real rest at night, and escape the possibility of serious illness. All over the world Veno's is acknowledged to be specific for throat and chest trouble.

In bronchitis, the dry hard cough is eased immediately—the bronchial passages are soothed, the membrane is healed, the cough vanishes because the cause has gone.

In actual asthma there is immediate relief; the passages, soothed by the healing balsams which Veno's Lightning Cough Cure contains, respond to its curative influence; and the severity of the attacks is noticeably

lessened. In catarrhal asthma you have a cure in Veno's because experience has proved that with patience the discharge decreases with every dose, and eventually subsides.

For children it is the ideal remedy. It quickly cures children's bronchitis. For whooping cough it is specific.

Children take Veno's gladly because they like it. Its pleasant balsamic flavour appeals to the palate. It contains no narcotic drug, nothing at all that is harmful, therefore you can give it to them without anxiety. The whole composition of Veno's is a really wholesome mixture of approved balsamic remedies, having direct influence on coughs, throat and chest troubles.

Veno's stops a Cold—prevents Influenza—relieves Bronchitis immediately

Prices 1/3 & 3/- Of all Chemists and Stores

AWARDED
GRAND PRIX
& GOLD MEDAL
AT
INTERNATIONAL
HEALTH EXHIBITIONS
FOR PURITY
AND EXCELLENCE

Veno's

LIGHTNING
COUGH CURE

The Ideal
Family Remedy for
COUGHS & COLDS,
ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS,
LUNG TROUBLES,
NASAL CATARRH,
WHOOPIING COUGH,
INFLUENZA,
HOARSENESS,
SORE THROAT.



JOHN BULL Replies

"Write to 'John Bull' About It."

THIS topical song, published in the JOHN BULL Christmas Number, is being featured in variety and revue all over the country, and is one of the outstanding features of the "Cinderella" pantomime at the Elephant and Castle Theatre. Truly "Writing to JOHN BULL about it" has proved something worth while making a song about.

Miss J. (Camberwell).—"I am reserved." For whom?

N. S. E. (Barnsley).—"Have you seen 'Sonny'?" Whose?

P. I. (Dudley).—"How old are you?" Old enough to keep a secret.

R. N. L. (Blackley).—"Is marriage a failure." The first fifty years are the worst.

L. T. E. (Stoke).—"She lectures me for hours on end." Thenshetalksjust likethis.

A. O. H. (Halifax).—"I always sleep on a journey." Hate to see women stand, eh?

Mrs. L. (Sutton).—"What's the best kind of nut-cracker." A rolling-pin. But what's he done now?

S. R. E. (Cambridge).—"I believe in dressing well." You mean you owe a lot to your tailor?

G. H. (Luton).—"Even worms choose their own mates." So many married women have assured us.

E. E. (Blackpool).—"I could tell he was dishonest by appearances." We usually judge by disappearances.

R. W. S. (Bodmin).—"I was offered £100 per week to stay in America." By the English, we presume.

Mrs. D. D. (Warrington).—"My boy won't wear woollen gloves." Perhaps he doesn't like whiskers on his toffee.

S. T. D. (Wembley).—"In walking I find an appetite for my meals." That's better than having to find meals for your appetite.

Miss M. S. (Tooting).—"They described me as blonde and I am dark." Who's going to rectify the error, you or they?

S. T. J. (Ongar).—"Which is the greater affliction, deafness or dumbness?" Do you mean for a man or woman?

ALICE R. (Gunnersbury).—"He says his idea of a model wife is one who helps to earn the income." He evidently wants a working model.

"SERIOUS-MINDED" (Luton).—"Can you give me, in a sentence, a rule to guide me in my walk through life?" Yes—Keep to the right.

W. R. J. (Dulwich).—"In borrowing the money, he made a pathetic appeal to our old friendship." And that's how he succeeded in touching you?

M. R. (Chelmsford).—"I can see no more real difference between white and coloured people than between the pot and the kettle." Except that they can't each call the other black.

W. S. (Ipswich).—"For the second time I've had to pay 40s. for a purely accidental motoring offence—it's simply cruel." Re-fined cruelty, in fact?

T. J. (Clapton).—"Isn't it true that advertisement contractors are mostly rich men?" Many of them are certainly known to possess large hoardings.

J. J. (Forton).—"Though he will come and smoke in my study when I'm alone, I never can get him to meet any of my friends." He evidently prefers your room to your company.



THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

H. M. (London, N.).—"Troubles never come singly." Neither do twins.

F. C. (Halifax).—"Which is the best kind of fowls to lay eggs?" Hens.

G. M. (Cowes).—"Everybody should sing at their work." What about glass-blowers?

H. M. (Mortlake).—"I met him at a roller-skating ball." Did you sit down a dance together?

G. M. (London).—"Women should be feminine." Who knows? The idea may catch on some day.

S. L. (Harrow).—"Chess is a fine, natural sort of game." Yes; you build on castles and end with pawns.

F. J. (Bingley).—"I am still waiting patiently for something to turn up." Don't you wear sleeves?

G. J. (Dover).—"I have a cold in my head." And when do you expect to get vacant possession again?

B. P. (Twickenham).—"What is the wettest racecourse near London?" Mortlake to Putney.

N. T. (Epping).—"I think I've seen you personally." Quite likely. We always go about like that.

T. L. (Richmond).—"He sang a song at the party, but he was terribly out of tune." "D flat, we suppose."

T. J. (London, W.C.).—"I spread light in dark places." We've seen you visiting the lampposts with your long pole.

B. M. (Partick).—"After writing this letter I read it over to my wife." Please convey to her a message of understanding sympathy.

G. G. (Newcastle).—"Parts of America have never been properly explored." The mountains are said to hold many a secret still.

J. V. (Maidenhead).—"The party ended with a fight and I went home with my nose twice its usual size." It must have been a swell affair.

A. C. (Newcastle).—"The electric light in my house goes on and off in a very trying manner." A blinking nuisance, in fact.

JULIE (Harrow).—"I have a rather wide mouth, but friends tell me I would do well on the films. What do you think?" Half of what you say is very true.

P. J. C. (Croydon).—"My wife actually struck me because she declared I had had too much to drink." She seems to have been determined to have her whack, too.

M. O. (St. Leonards).—"Before we were married, my wife used to assure me that she couldn't be taught anything about cooking." And now you find she was right?

D. B. (Reading).—"What can be worse than division in families?" Multiplication.

C. R. (Barnet).—"What is the proper length for a woman's skirt?" A little over two feet.

M. K. (New Oxford Street).—"I saw your sub yesterday, but he didn't see me." Yes, he told us.

Miss L. (Kew).—"I have made you a pincushion in the shape of a stuffed cat." It is just like you.

F. S. (Lancaster).—"You can't say I'm not trying." On the contrary, we find you very trying indeed.

E. D. (Atherstone).—"My husband called out that he was getting up." And you found him lying in bed!

R. L. M. (Newcastle).—"Brilliant children often develop into fools." We wager you were a bright lad.

W. D. J. (Swansea).—"They danced the Charleston in ancient Egypt." We have read about those plagues.

S. F. (Devonport).—"I could tell you what you are, but won't." And we could tell you where to go, but don't.

R. B. (Ely).—"Although I am eighty years of age I play golf every day." So you are still sowing your wild oats.

Mrs. M. (Liverpool).—"At the very time he says I pinched it I was at home nursing baby." In that case prove a lullaby.

G. E. (Exeter).—"Is an orange really a healthy fruit?" We have seen several in the throes of consumption quite recently.

Mrs. J. (Keswick).—"Is there really a yellow peril?" Rather, when banana skins are thrown about the streets on wet nights.

G. T. (Chipping Sudbury).—"Where there's a will there's a way." As the bad nephew said when he threw his rich aunt in the sea.

Mrs. F. (Hammersmith).—"The photos do not resemble me. Am I entitled to complain?" We think you ought to return thanks.

G. P. (Loughborough).—"An adult man can lose a considerable amount of blood without any ill effects." So barbers appear to think.

T. D. (Bridgend).—"I'm delighted with my Bullets clock—it's the first time I have won." Now don't lose any in winning a Bullets hamper—we've increased them to 200 this week.

R. F. (Chelsea).—"Although I have had no lessons, I can drive my new car anywhere." No doubt, but it's better to stick to the road.

Miss K. (Portsmouth).—"What do you think of the rumour that a sailor has a wife in every port." It explains why he spends most of his time at sea.

Mrs. J. (Brighouse).—"I shall go for a good holiday and my husband can grin and bear it." He'll grin when you're going and bear it when you come back.

Miss O. (Bagshot).—"If you don't like enclosed MSS. I will make any alteration you like in them." Capital. Please alter the address on the envelope.

(Many replies unavailably held over.)

THE PRESCRIPTION YOUR PHYSICIAN WRITES

Rx
for Nasal Catarrh

At last, a quick reliever of catarrh!

A clean, cooling, healing nasal spray of Glyco-Thymoline twice daily will give you soothing ease within a few moments. 19,567 doctors have successfully used Glyco-Thymoline. You can get it at all chemists—1/10, 3/8, 7/6.

THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4

MAKE SURE
YOU GET

GLYCO-
THYMOLINE

Trade Mark Registered

NOT SOMETHING
NAMED TO SOUND
LIKE IT

"GOOD-BYE CORNS"



USE

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

Something that dissolves them entirely out. Callouses soon made soft as fresh putty, without using plasters, cutting or caustic liquids.

Corns, Callouses, Sore, Tired, Tender, Swollen, Aching, Perspiring Feet and any other foot misery. To get rid of these tortures and stay rid of them try the healing, refreshing, medicated and oxygenated foot bath produced by adding Reudel Bath Saltrates to plain water, pronounced by well-known doctors to be by far the best foot treatment ever perfected by science. In packets of convenient sizes and at very low prices from all chemists. Satisfactory results are guaranteed in every case or money will be returned immediately and without question or formality. Since this remarkably efficient product was first placed on the market, many years ago, every packet has had the signed guarantee enclosed.



RUPTURE'S DISCOMFORT AND PAIN ENDED.

Wonderful invention acclaimed by medical profession—Instant and permanent relief guaranteed.

If you know the discomfort and pain of rupture, send to-day for full details of the most wonderful appliance ever invented for its relief and cure. It is not a truss. It is just a neat, washable little belt with a pad you inflate in a second to just the pressure you require to suit your varying needs. You can adjust it in a moment, and it cannot possibly slip out of place. It is so light and comfortable that you positively will not know you have it on. The Beasley Appliance succeeds where all others have failed.

And it holds the rupture with such gentle firmness that in nearly every case the broken tissue reunites and the rupture is conquered for ever. No wonder doctors everywhere recommend it. No wonder that great medical Journal, "The Lancet," has endorsed it enthusiastically, as it has never done for any other appliance.

Let us send you full details of this wonderful appliance. Let us tell you about our remarkable offer of a full personal trial absolutely free. It costs you nothing, so why delay? Just pin this advertisement to a sheet of paper, add your name and address, and post it to-day to

BEASLEY SURGICAL APPLIANCE COMPY.
Dept. 8J,
26, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2

I'll teach YOU to play the Piano Brilliantly!

I have taught thousands in their own homes, BY POST, to read easily at sight and play so beautifully Songs, Dances, Hymns, and Master Gems that they are welcome wherever they go! No practice-drudgery—but Original, Fascinating Training—from Ordinary Music—that makes failure impossible.

Read what a few say: "Difficulties simply fly away." "You have first shown me how to make the piano sing." "No music holds any terror for me now." "So fascinating I cannot leave the piano alone."

Send me a p.c. for my FREE Book telling you all about it, with Form for FREE advice. Your address (Mrs., Miss, or Mr.) and one word, Beginner, Elementary or Moderate. Mr. H. BECKER, 181, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

WRIGHT'S RHEUMATIC REMEDY IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND ANY KIND OF KIDNEY TROUBLE

FREE FROM INJURIOUS DRUGS.

E.S.C., of Walton, writes: "I had to give up my employment as a needlewoman owing to the state of my hands, which became so bent and fixed that I could not hold a needle. Less than two bottles of your Remedy has completely cured me, and I am able to resume my occupation again."

6/6 per bottle (post free), sufficient for one month.

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

For Free Trial Bottle, sufficient for 8-10 days, send us your name and address and 6d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing.

Dr. WRIGHT'S REMEDY, Ltd. (Dept. B)
80, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1

BOILS

Carbuncles & Poisoned Blood

Abscesses, Bad Legs, Boils, Carbuncles, Ulcers, Old Wounds, Whitlows, Broken Breasts, Eczema, Ringworm, Polyps.

CURED BY BURGESS' LION OINTMENT AND PILLS

80 YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL CURES

From the best Chemists, 1/3 per box. Also in larger sizes, 3/- and 5/-.

Send a postcard to-day for FREE DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET.

To Edwin Burgess, Ltd., 50c, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

Illustration of a lion.

"The Greatest of These"

A String of Pearls Tears of Gratitude from Overflowing Hearts

THAT our readers may have some realisation of the gratitude with which their donations to the "Greatest of These—" Fund are received by those in dire need, we print below a few extracts from letters received recently and commend them to contributors to the fund.

"I am sure words cannot express my thankfulness to you enough for the kind help you sent to provide for me and my little children. When your letter came, I had scarcely any food and only a handful of fire made of a few cinders in the grate. When I opened it I cried with joy to think I had such a friend. May God bless your fund, and help them that have helped me."

"I don't know how to thank you. If it had not been for you we would not have had meat for our Christmas dinner."

"My wife joins me in sending you our heartfelt thanks for your most generous gift. You have no idea of our feelings when we received it. We were wondering what we would do for boots for our children. So many others were having a happy time with their Christmas toys and ours were without even shoes, but thanks to you and your generous subscribers they will now at least be dry-footed."

"I am very thankful for your kindness. My little boy is still in bed, but I hope he will soon be up again, for as soon as your gift arrived he received the first out of it in extra nourishment."

"Many thanks for your generous assistance which I shall never forget. Your fund came to my rescue when all others had failed."

A famous philosopher declared that

every tear of sorrow sown by the righteous springs up a pearl. We earnestly hope that our readers may be so moved with compassion for those in distress that throughout the year such pearls of gratitude may spring up to adorn them.

Every penny sent to "The Greatest of These—" Fund may be transmuted into a pearl, for every penny is used to relieve suffering. The entire cost of the administration of the fund is borne by the proprietors of JOHN BULL.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the John Bull War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acres, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

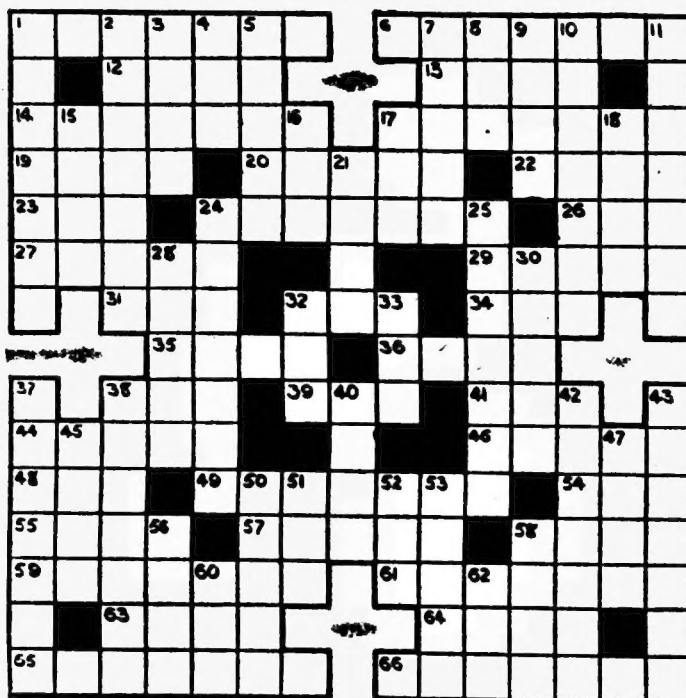
Grateful Heart, 5s.; Mr. A. Harris, 3s.; A. S., 1s. 4d.; Mrs. Edlison, 5s.; K. M. B. (Bexhill), 1s. 1d.; Sara I., 5s.; Anon., 5s.; Living in Hope, 1s.; G. F. Powell (Bath), 5s.; Grateful Heart, 2s. 6d.; J. George (Mumbles), 5s.; L. T. B. (Bristol), 10s.; A. P. (Englefield Green), 10s.; One Who Knows, 3s. 6d.; F. C. (Sheffield), 2s. 6d.; Fair Play (Lancaster), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Wallingford), 5s.; Mrs. Vize, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Pines, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Beattie, 1s.; Twickenham, 21d.; Well-wisher, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 2s.; H. T. Lowe (Bottle), 3s.; Titus, 2s. 6d.; Regular Reader, 2s.; Weekly Ninth, 1s.; Mrs. Jessie Black, 6d.; L. B. (Bromsbury), 10s.; Jimmy and Nancy, 1s.; T. J. P. (Nottigham), 2s. 6d.; E. L. (2s.); (Witney), 1s.; C. A. P. (Tranbridge Wells), 5s.; Major R. Noel White (Southsea), 22s. 6d.; My Ninth, 10d.; H. B. (W.2), 1s.; R. and M. (Glasgow), 5s.; B. O. B., 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Mr. Wm. Wright, 2s.; J. N. Gurney, 2s.; Anon., 1s. 2d.; A Constant Reader, 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. D. Swinson, 5s.; Mrs. B. Bowles, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. M. Whitley, 1s.; Mrs. B. Phillips, 1s.; Jane Porteous, 1s.; M. E. Butler, 2s. 6d.; A Fifth Lucky Tenth (Cardiff), 1s.; H. and J. H., 2s.

Parcels of clothing have been received from:— Mrs. Burton, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Black, Veronica (aged 6), in memory of a Mother, E. M. Camp, M. Long, Working Man's Wife, Mrs. Crank, Linco, A Happy Miner's Wife, A Mother, Mrs. H. Oliver, Mrs. Legg, Mrs. Trot, Mrs. Sandy and Mrs. Green, S. H. Dolding, Mrs. C. W. Skell.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over)

Our Cross-Word Corner

A Fireside Pastime



CLUES ACROSS

1. To struggle.
2. Part of the finger.
13. A bitter medicine.
14. Indian city.
17. Illness.
19. Unfettered.
20. To long.
22. Descendant of Mohammed.
23. Went swiftly.
24. To direct.
26. Congealed water.
27. Foreigner.
29. Generic name for certain skin diseases.
31. Conjunction.
32. Tot up.
34. A swine.
35. Magnesian mineral.
36. Baking place.
38. Adult males.
39. Definite article.
41. Insect.
44. Vital organ.
46. An acrid tumour.
48. Vessel.
49. Rebounding.
54. Before.
55. To coin.
57. Questioned.
58. Any open surface.
59. Lapwings.
61. Beloved.
63. Be carried.
64. Difference in value between paper and metallic money.
65. A coward.
66. More free from dirt.

CLUES DOWN

1. Tungsten.
2. Commemorative memorial.
3. Cause.
4. A metal.
5. Welsh name.
7. Diligent efforts.
8. Ailing.
9. Indefinite quantity.
10. Overflowing.
11. To levy.
15. Range of mountains.
16. Married.
17. Part of verb.
18. Pleasant.
21. Parched.
24. Slow, graceful movement.
25. Attended with morbid increase of vital energy.
28. Go in.
30. Type of architecture.
32. To perform.
33. Female deer.
37. Struck heavily.
38. Behaviour.
40. Outer shell.
42. On that.
43. Bigger.
45. American lake.
47. Crude minerals.
50. More recent.
51. Donkey.
52. To spread.
53. Perfect.
56. To reproach.
58. Melody.
60. Girl's name.
62. Number of years.

RISKS OF INDIGESTION

When the digestion goes wrong, the whole system rapidly becomes disorganised. We fail to get proper nourishment from the food we eat because we cannot digest it, and food that lies undigested on the stomach quickly ferments and poisons the system. Flatulence, waterbrash, and other unpleasant symptoms follow.

It should be remembered that the stomach, nerves, and glands all depend on the blood, and when that gets impoverished, they are at once weakened. Nothing will more promptly and surely restore the digestive organs to healthy activity than new good blood.

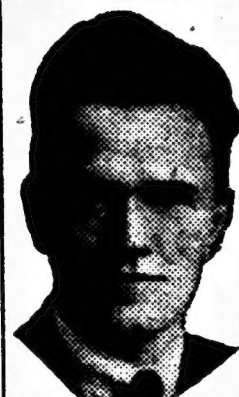
It is because of their action in building up and enriching the blood that Dr. Williams' pink pills have proved successful in so many cases of indigestion where ordinary medicines have failed. The new, rich blood made by these pills soon tones up the digestion: then the appetite improves, and you are able to eat with comfort and get full benefit from your food.

So start Dr. Williams' pink pills now. Of all chemists, 3s. 0d. box.

FREE. Read the helpful diet guide, "What to Eat," offered free to all who send a request to C. H. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

What Made His Hair Grow?

Read His Letter for the Answer.



"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head."

"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald, until I used Kotalko."

"Now hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since—and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of Kotalko, who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or aided new, luxuriant hair growth.

Test-Box Coupon

To JOHN HART BRITAIN, LTD.,
2, Percy Street (833V), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME

ADDRESS

FREE PSORIASIS

Sufferers should not despair, but should write to us without delay, when

ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT

will be sent to any address, along with our Booklet of Testimonials, telling of the wonderful cures of skin diseases we have made, when other treatments have failed.

SEND NO MONEY.

Address: Dept. 17, TOM WARD Ltd.,

Medical Skin Specialists,

BRADFORD, YORKS.

JANUARY 15, 1927

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 622.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

Mrs. W. STYLES,

Lower Cock Road, Kingswood, Bristol.

Example:—1927

Bullet:—"NEW"—LET'S KEEP
"BRIGHT."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. R. TURNER, 13, Morston Avenue, Whitefield.

Example:—"ALL I WANT

Bullet:—"THEN I'D BE Unhappy."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. A. GRANT, 12, London Road, Colerham, Surrey.

Example:—"GOVERNMENT'S 'LAUREL'—OR 'WREATH'.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. C. W. DALE, The Nest, Oakleigh Road, London, N.

Example:—"THING OF THE FUTURE

Bullet:—"FOLDS FROM THE BLUE."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. J. A. DARE, 4, Julia Terrace, Burnham-on-Sa.

Example:—"SNOWING

Bullet:—"ORDERS, UNDER PROSPERITY'S SUN."

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mrs. A. ALLETT, 69, Lodge Road, West Bromwich;

Example:—"WHAT IS SUCCESS?—TROUBLE'S END—BUT

Bullet:—"WHICH?"

G. A. HIN, 12, Lucerne Road, Brighton.

Example:—"PERFECT GENTLEMAN—BUT 'FLIRTED'—WITH

Bullet:—"HIM."

W. N. COX, Railway Bookstall, Llandudno Junction.

Example:—"FREE OF KNOWLEDGE—THE MODERN ADAM'S RISE.

Bullet:—"MRS. A. CROSSLEY, 25, Meldon Road, Manchester.

Example:—"BROADEN HUNTING—PRINCIPAL BOY SCANNING

BULLET:—"BONES."

W. I. ELLIOTT, Ballyvaughan, Co. Clare.

Example:—"BITTER" IS "SAME AGAIN."

Bullet:—"MRS. A. FAGO, 121, Argyle Street, Norwich.

Example:—"1927—'NEW BROOM'—UNEMPLOYMENT, 'COR-

BULLET:—"WEB."

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

H. HOLCOMBE, Bishops Lydeard, Taunton.

Example:—"SANDY AND SOLLY—POSTCARDS CROSSED, SAYING

BULLET:—"PHONE."

R. N. THOMAS, 25, White Street, Glasgow.

Example:—"BARGAIN HUNTING—SO COURTED ELDEST DAUGHTER.

BULLET:—"A. THOMSON, 9, Imperial Crescent, Doncaster.

Example:—"1927—'NO TIME' TO SPAR.

BULLET:—"MISS K. WOOLLEN, 9, Peel Street, St. Helens.

Example:—"FATHER'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTION—'SCRAPPED,'

BULLET:—"THOUGH 'QUITE GOOD.'"

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

J. W. BEATSON, 37, Broomlands Street, Paisley.

Example:—"SHOPPING AT HOME—FATHER—TILL Trade 'RE-

BULLET:—"COVERS."

A. C. R. BEVAN, 9, Fairbank Avenue, Newport, Mon.

Example:—"1927—'TRADE'S INTRIGUES' DECLARED OPENED.

BULLET:—"G. H. BRENT, 84, Swingate Lane, London, S.E.

Example:—"WHAT THE CARNIVAL SAID—'YOUR HOT WATER,

BULLET:—"SIR!"

R. DINGLE, "Porthmure," Newquay, Cornwall.

Example:—"1927—'LAUNCHED'—LEAVE 'SLIPS' BEHIND.

BULLET:—"C. HILL, 37, Fitzwilliam Street, Redcar-by-Sea.

Example:—"1927—'BIG BEN'S ANNOUNCEMENT—'BOOM!"

BULLET:—"D. LISTER, 18, Grafton Street, Cambridge.

Example:—"BRITANNIA—'FAIR'—SO GENTLEMEN PREFER.

BULLET:—"J. MARTIN, 150, Duncan Road, Crookes, Sheffield.

Example:—"SAID TO HUSBY—'I'M MA—NOT MARINE!"

BULLET:—"M. NICHOLLS, 169, Ashmore Road, London, W.

Example:—"SANDY AND SOLLY—A 'Fifty-one Fifty-one'

BULLET:—"PARTNERSHIP."

H. ORTON, 29, Chapel Street, Bedworth, Warwicks.

Example:—"PAYS HER—COMPLIMENTS—THEN DEPLORES

BULLET:—"VANITY."

V. TRUSSELL, 11, Market Street, Brighton.

Example:—"HAPPY—HOME, Children Spoiling Parents.

BULLET:—"200 'Bullets' Hamper Winners:

E. Ames, 25, Catford Hill, S.E.; Mrs. Andrews,

11, Huntington St., Nottingham; E. Andrews, Lea

End, Alvechurch; E. Ashdown, 33, Churchfield Mans.

Fulham; W. Baldock, 57, Bicester Rd., Aylesbury;

A. Barker, 16, D Square, Stanhope Lines, Aldershot;

Mrs. Barrett, 30, Heath Park Rd., Burton; J. Best,

Cresta, Park Cres., Aberystwyth; H. Beeton, 17,

Smith St., Ramsgate; F. Bevers, Intake Lane,

Gawber; W. Bellina, 4, Cross Lanes Rd., Hounslow;

J. Billingham, Oak, Mon.; J. Bishop, 64, Swindon

Rd., Edgbaston; L. Blackmore, 37, Stroudan Rd.,

Bournemouth; W. Blight, 48, Wellington Rd., Cam-

borne; N. Booth, 42, St. Paul St., Islington; W. Booth,

9, Ayresome St., Middlesbrough; W. Bostock, 14, Dee

Rd., Connah's Quay; Mrs. Bowcutt, 80, Harem St.,

Wolverhampton; A. Brown, 15, Bernard St., Notting-

ham; R. Brown, Glamorgan Bldg., Cardiff; A.

Buckle, 34, Falmouth Rd., Southwark; A. Bullock,

Northfield, Colne; Mrs. Burch, 6, Greenhill, Wey-

mouth; E. Burton, 29, Deronda Rd., Herne Hill; A.

Butcher, 14, Zion Pl., Margate; F. Butler, Upper

Bilson, Cinderford; W. Calver, 149, Felixstowe Rd.,

Ipewich; Miss Campion, 101, Loughboro' Rd., Brix-

ton; A. Catchpole, 36, St. James St., Holborn;

H. Chivers, 164, Usher Rd., Old Ford; Mrs. Clements,

Blind School, Norwich; J. Clements, 65, Kilmartin

Av., Norbury; A. Cooke, 4, Foliot Rd., Plymouth;

P. Cowling, "Shirley," Dawley Rd., Hayes; A.

Crossley, Marsh Pl., Stoneclough; B. Crowther, 7,

Sowood Av., Wakefield; W. Cuthbert, 149, Beaver

Rd., Ashford, Kent; J. Derry, 2, Board St., Burnley;

G. Dickens, 209, Victoria St., Mansfield; S. Donaldson,

113, Balfour St., Kirkcaldy; J. Doyle, 55, Walford

Rd., Sparkbrook; V. Dunn, 7, Baby Park, Wetherby;

(Continued on page 4)

JOHN BULL

200! 'BULLETS' HAMPERS THIS WEEK 200!

LAST WEEKS OF THESE SPECIAL PRIZES

2nd. Prize

£100

£250

3rd. Prize

£50

4th. Prize

£25

200 PRIZES OF 5/- 500 PRIZES OF 2/6

5th. Prize

£10

10 PRIZES OF £5 100 PRIZES OF £1 10 PRIZES OF £2-10

and 200 'BULLETS' HAMPERS!

Each hamper contains a selected fowl, pork sausages, Dundee cake, fancy tin of biscuits, box of chocolates, box of preserved fruits, cigarettes, and a bottle of fine old Port.



EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 625

PROSPEROUS YEAR
A GOOD BOY
PERFECT LADY
IF THOUGHTS WERE WORDS
WIRELESS PROGRAMME
SAID TO HER SWEETHEART
SOCIETY LIFE
FOR THE CHILDREN
WRONG WAY
FOOLISH WIFE
WITHOUT TOBACCO
GRUEL
MOTHER'S DREAM
CENSORED
SHE NEVER FORGETS
UNDER BOLSHIEVISM
WHAT THE COMEDIAN SAID
BABY'S BEDTIME
TREAT FOR ME
NEW FACE
SONNY'S FUTURE
SORRY NOW
FOR HERSELF
MODERN HOME
"NO!"
FATHER'S BEER
IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?
HIS CIGARETTE
GRATEFULLY
RISKY
FACT THAT'S FORGOTTEN
WHAT IS A PROMISE?

How to Make "Bullets"

Choose any of the Examples printed, then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the Examples chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—
Example:—TRUE LOVE Bullet:—
TAKES LIFETIME TO "TELL."
Example:—TOO MANY Bullet:—
NEGLECT CHANCE—BLAME LUCK.
Example:—BRITAIN'S BUSINESS
Bullet:—"POACHED" WHILE WE
"SCRAMBLE."

Send postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used—see Rules on page 24.

List of 100 £1 Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 622 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Office of "JOHN BULL."

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 625, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 20.

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(625) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 24. Address _____
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 20.

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(625) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 24. Address _____
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 20.

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(625) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 24. Address _____
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 20.

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(625) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 24. Address _____
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

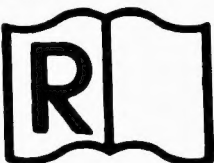
The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 621 will be exhibited in the window of Mr. Smith, London Road, Gouphar, Gosham, Hants.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 625 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

NEXT WEEK

£1,000 FIRST PRIZE

and 300 'BULLETS' HAMPERS!



Is Catarrh Poisoning YOU?

Completely Cured in One Month After Suffering 12 Years.



Mr. G. P. Peters, 14, Queen Street, Gravesend, writes: "I was a great sufferer from Catarrh for 12 years. It was stubborn and chronic, accompanied by constant violent colds, a hard cough, pains in the head, and head noises. Breathing was obstructed. Within a month I was completely cured by the 'Shirley System.' This is 10 months ago, and I am still cured. I thank you Mr. G. P. PETERS, and recommend your treatment to all Catarrh sufferers."—Jan. 1, 1927.

Read How These Men and Women
Cured This Deadly Complaint
(commonly known as Chronic
Cold in the Head) and then
TEST MY SYSTEM
ON
10 DAYS' TRIAL

Cured to Stay Cured After Suffering 10 Years.

Mr. A. Willdig, 156, Kettlebrook Road, Tamworth, writes:—"How can I thank you for the good the 'Shirley System' did me a year ago? After 10 years' suffering from Chronic Catarrh I have been a new man since undergoing your treatment. I have enjoyed better health than I had known for many years. The 'Shirley System' stopped my colds, restored taste and smell, abolished head noises, and made me fit. This was a year ago. I am still cured."—Dec. 24, 1926.



MR. A. WILLDIG.

Thousands being Poisoned by Catarrh!

4 Years' Chronic Catarrh Completely Cured in 4 Weeks.



Mr. A. E. Manktelow, Maces Cottages, St. Michaels, Tenterden, Kent, writes:—"In four weeks the 'Shirley System' has completely cured me (after professional treatment failed) of Chronic Catarrh of four years' standing, and its attendant ailments—frequent heavy colds, constant sneezing, headaches, head noises, pains over eyes, throat troubles, cough, etc. I look splendid since I was cured, and I feel as well as I look. Naturally, I am more than satisfied."—Jan. 1, 1927.

You need not continue to suffer from this Blood-and-Body-Poisoning complaint and its serious consequences any longer. To-day, a proved remedy, that has cured thousands, is offered "on trial" to every sufferer.

Even in cases where every other treatment has failed, my "Shirley System" has brought about a complete cure. Read and judge for yourself from the successful "experiences" of others. This most successful treatment clears every trace and symptom of Deadly Catarrh out of the system. It also stops the formation and accumulation of the poisonous catarrhal mucus. It soothes and strengthens the too sensitive membranous lining of the throat, nasal and other air passages.

Catarrh and Deafness Completely Cured After 6 Years.

Mr. J. Huntington, 44, Church Street, Caldewgate, Carlisle, writes:—"I have great pleasure in testifying to the splendid results of your golden treatment. It did all you claim. And that after I had suffered 6 years and spent pounds on so-called remedies. I had Catarrh, headaches, pains, over the eyes, cough, and many unpleasant symptoms. All these have now gone. The 'Shirley Treatment' took immediate effect."—Dec. 15, 1926.



MR. J. HUNTINGTON.

Beware of these Dangerous Symptoms.

12 Years' Catarrh and Deafness Permanently Cured in 4 Weeks.



Mr. Arthur Davies, 18, Oak Hill Road, Housing Site, Batley, writes:—"For 12 years up to 18 months ago I was Deaf. The terrible affliction was caused by constant colds—one after another. I tried many so-called 'Remedies,' but they had no effect. Then I started the 'Shirley System,' and in four weeks I could hear again. My health was better in all ways. The cure has proved permanent, and I am really satisfied."—Dec. 24, 1926.

- If phlegm drops into the back of your Throat,
- If you have a tendency to catch Colds easily,
- If there is a feeling of dryness in your Throat,
- If you have to clear the Throat frequently,
- If your Nose is stopped up or "stuffy,"
- If you feel tired on rising,
- If your voice is husky,
- If there is pain between or over the eyes,
- If you sneeze frequently,
- If a change in the weather affects you,
- If you suffer from frontal headaches,
- If you suffer from shortness of breath,
- If your sense of smell is affected,
- If you suffer from strange "head noises,"
- If there is a sense of fullness or pressure in your head.

Sixteen Years' Catarrh and Deafness Completely Cured.

Mrs. Ward, 21, Pleasant Valley, Saffron Walden, writes:—"Mine was a bad case of Catarrh, Deafness, and Head Noises of 16 years' standing. When I started the 'Shirley Treatment' I was unable to do my housework, or even to go out. The result of your treatment is wonderful. I can breathe freely again, my throat is clear, my hearing has returned, and I have lost the head noises."—Dec. 2, 1926.



MRS. WARD.

TEST My Method on 10 Days' Trial.

Doctors now realise that Catarrh is dangerous. It not only causes much suffering and distress, but it has a high rate of mortality, because the slimy and poisonous mucus flows downwards (especially during sleep) into the stomach, intestines, and other organs, causing Malnutrition, Debility and a Catarrhal condition of the whole inner man that lowers resisting power to disease, and leads to such deadly ailments as Gastric Catarrh, Intestinal Catarrh, and even Consumption itself.

If YOU are in the Grip of Catarrh, don't delay, but write to me to-day, and learn how speedily the "Shirley System" will save you from the miseries and risks of Catarrh in all its forms, including Catarrhal Deafness and Gastric Catarrh.

It will bring you relief from the very first. The stuffed-up passages get clear, easy nasal breathing follows, head noises disappear. Headaches, too, become things of the past, and your whole system is completely cleared of the slimy and

poisonous mucus. It will lift the Crushing Burden of Catarrh from your shoulders like magic.

No matter how often you have been disappointed before, or how long you have suffered, don't despair until you have tried the wonderful "Shirley System."

SENT ON 10 DAYS' TRIAL.

This treatment has proved so remarkably successful even in the worst forms of Chronic Catarrh, Deafness, Head Noises, etc., that I will gladly send it on 10 days' trial to any sufferer on the distinct understanding that if no benefit is derived no expense of any kind will be incurred. Simply fill in your name and address on the Special Free Coupon opposite and post immediately to me. The most important point in your own interest is to act at once and send the Coupon NOW.

FREE COUPON.

To Mr. ELMER SHIRLEY,
52, Gray's Inn Road (G.115), London, W.C.1.
Dear Sir,—Please send me at once full particulars so that I can avail myself of 10 Days' Trial of the Shirley System, as per your JOHN BULL Special Offer.
(Please write in capital letters.)

NAME
ADDRESS
.....
.....

(Personal consultations by appointment 3 to 4 o'clock daily, except Saturdays.)
(Sensah Ltd.)

